THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING

MUCH ADO about NOTHING.
ALL's WELL that ENDS WELL.
The LIFE and DEATH of KING JOHN.
The LIFE and DEATH of KING RICHARD II.

EDINBURGH:
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M. DCC. LXVII.

MUCH ADO

ABOUT

NOTHING.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.
LEONATO, governor of Meſſina.
DON JOHN, baſtard brother to Don Pedro.
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua, favour'd likewiſe by Don Pedro.
BALTHAZAR, ſervant to Don Pedro.
ANTONIO, brother to Leonato.
BORACHIO, confident to Don John.
CONRADE, friend to Borachio.
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } two fooliſh officers.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA, } two gentlewomen, attending on Hero.

A friar, meſſenger, watch, town-clerk, ſexton, and attendants.

SCENE, Meſſina *in* Sicily.

The ſtory is from *Arioſto's Orlando Furioſo*, Book V.

MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Court before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Hero, *and* Beatrice, *with a Meſſenger.*

Leonato.

I Learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Meſſina.

Meſſ. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſſ. But few of any ſort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itſelf, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath beſtowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd *Claudio.*

Meſſ. Much deſerved on his part, and equally remembred by Don Pedro: he hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Meſſina will be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that joy could not ſhew itſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs. There are no

faces truer than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you is Signior Montanto return'd from the wars or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.

Leon. What is he that you aſk for, niece?

Hero. My couſin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Meſſ. O, he's return'd, and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his bills here in Meſſina, and challeng'd Cupid at the flight †; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, ſubſcrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in theſe wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſervice, Lady, in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Meſſ. And a good ſoldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ſtuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is ſo, indeed: he is no leſs than a ſtuff'd man: but for the ſtuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

† The diſuſe of the bow makes this paſſage obſcure. Benedick is repreſented as challenging Cupid at archery. To challenge *at the flight*, is, I believe, to wager who ſhall ſhoot the arrow furtheſt without any particular mark. To *challenge at the bird-bolt*, ſeems to mean the ſame as to challenge at children's archery, with ſmall arrows, ſuch as are diſcharged at birds. *Johnſon.*

Leon. You muſt not, Sir, miſtake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet, but there's a ſkirmiſh of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: ſo that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm *, let him bear it for difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible; he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Meſſ. I ſee, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books †.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my ſtudy. But, I pray you, who is his companion? is there no young ſquarer ‡ now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe; he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble Claudio, if he have caught the Benedick; it will coſt him a thouſand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Meſſ. Don Pedro is approach'd.

* We ſhould read, *wit enough to keep himſelf* from harm. *Warburton.*

† *To be in one's books*, is, *to be in one's* codicils *or* will, *to be among friends ſet down for legacies.* Johnſon.

‡ A *ſquarer* I take to be a choleric, quarrelſome fellow; for in this ſenſe Shakeſpeare uſes the word *ſquare.* *Johnſon.*

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and Don* John.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you aſk'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.——

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may gueſs by this, what you are, being a man: truly, the lady fathers herſelf; be happy, Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all Meſſina, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, Signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Diſdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible Diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed on as Signior Benedick? Courteſy itſelf muſt convert to Diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſy a turn-coat: but it is certain I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your Ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, an 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer; but keep your way o'God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick,——my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworn.——Let me bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato, we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

SCENE III.

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pr'ythee, ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks, ſhe is too low for an high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe: only this commendation

I can afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'ſt I am in ſport; I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it into. But ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? come, in what key ſhall a man take you to go in the ſong?

Claud. In mine eye ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can yet ſee without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter. There's her couſin, if ſhe were not poſſeſt with ſuch a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of May doth the laſt of December: but I hope you have no intent to turn huſband, have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt myſelf, tho' I had ſworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion? ſhall I never ſee a batchelor of threeſcore again? go to, i' faith, if thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away Sundays: look, Don Pedro is return'd to ſeek you.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Don Pedro *and Don* John.

Pedro. What ſecret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to Leonato's houſe?

Bene. I would your Grace would conſtrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio, I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance,—mark you this,—on my allegiance.—He is in love. With whom?—now that is your

Grace's part.——Mark how ſhort his anſwer is—with Hero, Leonato's ſhort daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love, I feel.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead *, or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick, all women ſhall pardon me; becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do myſelf the right to truſt none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love. Prove that ever I loſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a balladmaker's pen,

* That is, *I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntſman may blow.* A *recheate* is the ſound by which dogs are called back. *Johnſon.*

and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for the ſign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the ſhoulder, and call'd *Adam* †.

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try; in time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The ſavage bull may, but if ever the ſenſible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is a good horſe to hire*, let them ſignify under my ſign, *Here you may ſee Benedick the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou wouldſt be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not ſpent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at ſupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage, and ſo I commit you———

Claud. To the tuition of God; from my houſe, if I had it,———

Pedro. The ſixth of July, your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further examine your conſcience, and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Claud. My Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,

† Alluding to one Adam Bell, a famous archer of old.

And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.
Claud. Hath Leonato any ſon, my Lord?
Pedro. No child but Hero, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, Claudio?
Claud. O my Lord,
When we went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is;
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.
Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou doſt love fair Hero, cheriſh it,
And I will break with her and with her father;
And thou ſhalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?
Claud How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complection!
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.
Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity;
Look, what will ſerve is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine:
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother, where is my couſin your ſon? hath he provided this muſic?

Ant. He is very buſy about it: but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them; but they have a good cover, they ſhow well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince diſcover'd to Claudio that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meent to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp fellow; I will ſend for him, and queſtion him yourſelf.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream 'till it appear itſelf. But I will acquaint my daughter withal, that ſhe may be the better prepared for anſwer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it. [*Several croſs the ſtage here.*] Couſin, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me, and I will uſe your ſkill. Good couſin, have a care this buſy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to an Apartment in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Conr. What the good-jeer, my Lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Conr. You ſhould hear reaſon.

John. And when I have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

John. I wonder that thou (being, as thou ſay'ſt thou art, born under Saturn) goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief. I cannot

hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſy, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea. but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, 'till you may do it without controlement. You have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourſelf; it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man), it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am truſted with a muzzel, and infranchiſed with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

John. I will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? what news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper ſquire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March chick! How come you to know this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio hand in hand in ſad conference I whipt behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince ſhould woo Hero for himſelf; and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my diſpleaſure. That young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs myſelf every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me.

Conr. To the death, my Lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper; their chear is the greater that I am ſubdu'd. 'Would the cook were of my mind!——Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret *and* Urſula.

Leonato.

WAS not Count John here at ſupper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other too like my Lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face——

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a huſband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith ſhe's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt: I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way; for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt cow ſhort horns; but to a cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no huſband; for the which bleſſing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face, I had rather ly in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a huſband that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no heard is leſs than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take ſix-pence in earneſt of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell *.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.——

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and ſay, Get you to heav'n, Beatrice, get you to heav'n, here's no place for you maids. So

* Of the two next ſpeeches Mr Warburton ſays, "All "this impious nonſenſe thrown to the bottom is the "players, and foiſted in without rhyme or reaſon." He therefore puts them in the margin. They do not deſerve indeed ſo honourable a place, yet I am afraid they are too much in the manner of our author, who is ſometimes trifling to purchaſe merriment at too dear a rate. *Johnſon.*

deliver I up my apes, and away to St Peter, for the heav'ns; he ſhews me where the batchelors ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I truſt you will be rul'd by your father. [*To* Hero.

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my couſin's duty to make curtſie, and ſay, *Father as it pleaſes you*; but yet, for all that, couſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another curtſie, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſes me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a huſband.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of ſome other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; Adam's ſons are my brethren, and, truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the Prince do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſic, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time; if the Prince be too important *, tell him there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer; for hear me, Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a meaſure and a cinque-pace; the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding mannerly-modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, 'till he ſinks into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

* *Important*, here and in many other places, is *importunate.* Johnſon.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and others, in maſquerade.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute ſhould be like the caſe!

Pedro. My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd?

Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love *.

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own ſake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight when the dance is done! Anſwer, Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is anſwer'd.

Urſ. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word I am not.

Urſ. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill-well, unleſs you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word I am not.

* This ſpeech ſhould be given to Margaret. *Reviſal.*

Urſ. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itſelf? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*; well, this was Signior Benedick that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jeſter; a very dull fool, only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. I am ſure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing ſav'd, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the leaders. [*Muſic within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio; I know him by his bearing.

John. Are you not Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* John *and* Bora.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of Benedick,
But hear this ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain ſo—the Prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love uſe their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent: beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewell then, Hero!

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio!

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, Count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an uſurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's ſcarf? you muſt wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have ſerv'd you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into ſedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice ſhould know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool!—ha! it may be I go under that title, becauſe I am merry—yea, but ſo I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed. It is the baſe (tho' bitter) diſpoſition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

SCENE IV.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my Lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf, and the rod he might have beſtow'd on you, who (as I take it) have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danc'd with her told her ſhe was much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, ſhe miſus'd me paſt the endurance of a block; an oak, with but one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her: ſhe told me, not thinking I had been myſelf, that I was the Prince's jeſter, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impoſſible * conveyance upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me: ſhe ſpeaks poniards, and every word ſtabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the north-ſtar; I would not marry her, though ſhe were endow'd with all that Adam had left him before he tranſgreſs'd; ſhe would have made Hercules have turn'd ſpit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you ſhall find her the infernal *Até* in good apparel. I would to God, ſome ſcholar would conjure her; for certainly, while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a ſanctuary, and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither; ſo, indeed, all diſquiet, horror and perturbation follow her.

SCENE V.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato *and* Hero.

Pedro. Look, here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the Antipodes, that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the fartheſt inch of Aſia; bring you the length of Preſter John's foot: fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard: do you any ambaſſage to the pig-

* We ſhould read *impaſſable*. A term taken from fencing, when the ſtrokes are ſo ſwift and repeated as not to be parried or paſſed off. *Warburton.*

mies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, Lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one. Marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complection.

Pedro. I'faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.——

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy ſide of care. My couſin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance!—thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd; I may ſit in a corner, and cry *heigh ho!* for a huſband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your father got excellent huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unleſs I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too coſtly to wear every day: but, I beſeech your Grace, pardon me; I was born to ſpeak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, ſure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danc'd, and under that I was born.——Couſins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle: by your Grace's pardon. [*Exit* Beatrice.

SCENE VI.

Pedro By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; ſhe is never ſad but when ſhe ſleeps, and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dream'd of an unhappineſs, and wak'd herſelf with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband.

Leon. O, by no means, ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themſelves mad.

Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till Monday, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſeven-night, and a time too brief too to have all things anſwer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time ſhall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules's labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my Lord, to help my couſin to a good huſband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know: thus far I can praiſe him, he is of a noble ſtrain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will ſo practiſe on Benedick, that in deſpight of his quick wit, and his queaſy ſtomach, he ſhall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only love-gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to another Apartment in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

John. It is ſo, the Count Claudio ſhall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can croſs it.

John. Any bar any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him; and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

Bora. Not honeſtly, my Lord, but ſo covertly that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your Lordſhip a year ſince, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in That, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poiſon of that lies in you to temper; go you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as Hero.

John. What proof ſhall I make of That?

Bora. Proof enough to miſuſe the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: look you for any other iſſue?

John. Only to deſpite them I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio, as in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, that you have diſcover'd thus. They will hardly believe this without trial. Offer them inſtances, which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to

ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding; for in the mean time I will ſo faſhion the matter that Hero ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truths of Hero's diſloyalty, that jealouſy ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Leonato's *Orchard.*

Enter Benedick, *and a Boy.*

Bene. Boy,——

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir.

Bene. I know that—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]—I do much wonder that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love! and ſuch a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no muſic with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten miles a-foot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he ly ten nights awake carving the faſhion of a new doublet. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man and a ſoldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell;

I think not. I will not be ſworn but love may transform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wiſe, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God*. Ha! the Prince and Monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour

[*Withdraws.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, *and* Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, ſhall we hear this muſic?

Claud. Yea, my good Lord——how ſtill the evening is,
As huſh'd on purpoſe to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himſelf?

Claud. O very well, my Lord; the muſic ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that ſong again.

Balth. O good my Lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſic any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection:
I pray thee, ſing; and let me woo no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes;
Yet will he ſwear he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;

* Hinting ſatirically at the art uſed by ladies in dying their hair of a colour different from what it is by nature.

Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note, notes, forſooth, and noting.

Bene. Now, divine air; now is his ſoul raviſh'd! —is it not ſtrange that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The SONG.

Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.
Sing no more ditties, ſing on mo
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer was firſt leafy:
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my Lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. aſide.] If he had been a dog that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no miſchief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, doſt thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee get us ſome excellent muſic; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my Lord. [*Exit* Balthazar.

Pedro. Do ſo: farewell. Come hither, Leonato;

what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;——ſtalk on, ſtalk on, the fowl ſits [*Aſide to* Pedro.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo doat on Signior Benedick, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible? ſits the wind in that corner? [*Aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinit of thought.

Pedro. May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fiſh will bite. [*Aſide.*

Leon. What effects, my Lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn it had, my Lord; eſpecially againſt Benedick.

Bene. aſide.] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it; knavery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and ſwears ſhe never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, ſo your daughter ſays: ſhall I, ſays ſhe, that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This ſays ſhe now, when ſhe is beginning to write to him; for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night, and there ſhe will ſit in her ſmock, 'till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh,——when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found Benedick and Beatrice between the ſheet.

Claud. That———

Leon. O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence; rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that ſhe knew wou'd flout her: I meaſure him, ſays ſhe, by my own ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes; O ſweet Benedick! God give me patience!

Leon. She doth, indeed, my daughter ſays ſo; and the ecſtacy hath ſo much overborne her, that my daughter is ſometime afraid ſhe will do deſperate outrage to herſelf; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good that Benedick know of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

Pedro. If he ſhould, it were an alms to hang him; ſhe's an excellent ſweet lady, and (out of all ſuſpicion) ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my Lord, wiſdom and blood combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would ſhe had beſtow'd this dotage on me; I would have daſht all other reſpects, and made her half myſelf. I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks ſurely ſhe will die; for ſhe

ſays ſhe will die if he love her not, and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will die if he wooe her, rather than ſhe will bate one breath of her accuſtom'd croſſneſs.

Pedro. She doth well; if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wiſe.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, ſhew ſome ſparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As Hector, I aſſure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may ſay he is wiſe; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a Chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And ſo will he do, for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, I am ſorry for your niece: ſhall we go ſeek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord; let her wear it out with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible; ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy to have ſo good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The ſport will be, when they hold an opi-

nion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the ſcene that I would ſee, which will be merely a dumb ſhow; let us ſend her to call him to dinner. [*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Benedick *advances from the arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was ſadly borne—They have the truth of this from Hero; they ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be requited. I hear how I am cenſur'd; they ſay I will bear myſelf proudly if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I muſt not ſeem proud—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They ſay the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs. And virtuous;—tis ſo, I cannot reprove it. And wiſe—but for loving me—by my troth it is no addition to her wit—nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and ſentences, and theſe paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would die a batchelor, I did not think I ſhould live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes Beatrice: by this day, ſhe's a fair lady; I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than

you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much ſo you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal.——You have no ſtomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner:*——there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me*;——that's as much as to ſay, any pains that I take for you is as eaſy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Urſula.

Hero.

Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour,
There ſhalt thou find my couſin Beatrice,
Propoſing with the Prince and Claudio;
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and Urſula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter; like to favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it: there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our purpoſe; this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant, preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Urſula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk muſt only be of Benedick;

When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee muſt be, how Benedick
Is ſick in love with Beatrice; of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearſay. Now begin.

Enter Beatrice, *running towards the arbour.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for Beatrice, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.——
No, truly, Urſula, ſhe's too diſdainful;
I know her ſpirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Urſ. But are you ſure
That Benedick loves Beatrice ſo intirely?
Hero. So ſays the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?
Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wiſh him wreſtle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urſ. Why did you ſo? doth not the gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice ſhall couch upon?
Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of Beatrice.
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,

Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-indeared.
Urſ. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.
Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth. I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She'd ſwear the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an aglet * very vilely cut;
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.
Urſ. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero. No; for to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.
Urſ. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.
Hero. No, rather I will go to Benedick,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion.
And truly I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my couſin with; one doth not know
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.
Urſ. O, do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,

* An *aglet* was the tag of thoſe points, formerly ſo much in faſhion. Theſe tags were either of gold, ſilver, or braſs, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the ſhape of little images; or at leaſt had a head cut at the extremity. *Warburton.*

Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have, as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man in Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urs. I pray you be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?
Hero. Why, every day—to morrow.—Come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.
Urs. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, Madam.
Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupids kill with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt.*

Beatrice *advancing.*

Beat. What fire is in my ears *? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, thy kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

* Alluding to a proverbial saying of the common people, that their ears burn when others are talking of them. *Warburton.*

SCENE II.

Leonato's *Houſe*.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. I do but ſtay 'till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my Lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company: for, from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him; he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What, ſigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can maſter a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the ſhape of two countries at once, a German from the waiſt downward, all ſlops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet:

unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns; he bruſhes his hat o' mornings: what ſhould that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuft tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the loſs of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet; can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now governed by ſtops——

Pedro. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and in deſpight of all, dies for him

Pedro. She ſhall be bury'd with her face upwards *.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aſide with me. I have ſtudied eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you, which theſe hobby horſes muſt not hear.

[*Exeunt* Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even ſo. Hero and Margaret have by

* *With her* heels *upwards.* Theobald.

this time play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and brother, God ſave you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it pleaſe you; yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would ſpeak of concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your Lordſhip to be married to-morrow. [*To* Claudio.

Pedro. You know he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you diſcover it.

John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by that I now will manifeſt; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely, ſuit ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of), the lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even ſhe; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Diſloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you ſhall ſee her chamber window enter'd, even the night before her wedding day.

If you love her, then to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

Pedro. I will not think it.——

John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know: if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to-night why I ſhould not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

John. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes. Bear it coldly but till night, and let the iſſue ſhew itſelf.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented! So you will ſay, when you have ſeen the ſequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. Firſt, who think you the moſt deſertleſs man to be conſtable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, Sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacole: God hath bleſt you with a good name; and to be a

well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, maſter conſtable——

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your anſwer. Well, for your favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no * need of ſuch vanity. You are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the conſtable of the watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the Prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How, if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go, and preſently call the reſt of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's ſubjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's ſubjects. You ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is moſt tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman, for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend; only have a care that your bills be not ſtolen. Well, you are to call at all the alehouſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How, if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

* More *need.* Warburton.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg. You have always been call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe and bid her ſtill it.

2 *Watch.* How, if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, conſtable, are to preſent the Prince's own perſon; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verg. Nay, bi'rlady, that I think he cannot.

Dogb. Five ſhillings to one on't with any man that knows the ſtatues, he may ſtay him: marry, not without the Prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verg. Bi'rlady, I think it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, maſters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counſels and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge; let us go ſit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeſt neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door, for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beſeech you. [*Exeunt* Dogb. *and* Verg.

SCENE V.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade——

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay!

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a ſcab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an anſwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch, aſide.] Some treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thouſand ducats.

Watch. Is it poſſible that any villainy ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible any villainy * ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That ſhews thou art unconfirm'd †; thou knoweſt that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the faſhion.

Conr. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh, I may as well ſay, the fool's the fool: but ſee'ſt thou not what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief theſe ſeven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

* The ſenſe abſolutely requires us to read *villain*. Warburton.

† *i. e.* unpractiſed in the ways of the world. *Warb.*

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſome body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty; ſometimes faſhioning them like Pharaoh's ſoldiers in the reechy ‡ painting; ſometimes, like the god Bell's prieſts in the old church-window; ſometimes, like the ſhaven Hercules in the ſmirch'd worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his codpiece ſeems as maſſy as his club.

Conr. All this I ſee, and ſee that the faſhion wears out more apparel than man; but art not thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither; but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs's chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night—I tell this tale vilely——I ſhould firſt tell thee how the Prince, Claudio, and my maſter, planted and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don John, ſaw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſs'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any ſlander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged: ſwore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there before the whole congregation ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name, ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable; we

‡ *Reechy* is from the verb *reek*, to emit a vapour.

Reviſal.

have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Maſters, maſters,———

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Maſters,———

1 *Watch.* Never ſpeak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Hero's *Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Hero, Margaret *and* Urſula.

Hero. Good Urſula, wake my couſin Beatrice, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſ. I will, Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſ. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato * were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not ſo good; and I warrant, your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i'faith I ſaw the Ducheſs of Milan's gown that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd

* A neckband; a ruff. *Hanmer.*

with ſilver, ſet with pearls down ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves and ſkirts, round underborne with a blueiſh tinſel; but for a fine, queint, graceful and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fy upon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what, Lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me ſay (ſaving your reverence) a huſband. If bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a huſband? none, I think, if it be the right huſband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light, and not heavy; aſk my Lady Beatrice elſe, here ſhe comes.

SCENE VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg Clap us into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill —hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the Count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtufft, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtufft! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profeſs'd apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap—By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus? why *Benedictus?* you have ſome moral in this *Benedictus.*

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I mean plain holy thiſtle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, bi'rlady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was ſuch another, and now is he become a man; he ſwore he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpight of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Enter Urſula.

Urſ. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good Meg, good Urſula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Another Apartment in Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, Sir, ſpeaks a little of the matter: an old man, Sir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but, in faith, as honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worſhip's preſence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Meſſina.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, as they ſay: when the age is in, the wit is out;

God help us, it is a world to ſee—well ſaid, i' faith, neighbour Verges—well, he's a good man; an two men ride an horſe, one muſt ride behind—an honeſt ſoul, i' faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worſhipped; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our watch have, indeed, comprehended two auſpicious perſons; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination yourſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her huſband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready.

[*Exit* Leonato.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go get you to Francis Seacole, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant; here's that [*touching his forehead*] ſhall drive ſome of them to a non-come. Only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church.

Enter D. Pedro, *D.* John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

Leonato.

COme, friar Francis, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar. You come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your ſouls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what
Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why, then ſome be of laughing *, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?

* This is a quotation from the accidence. *Johnſon.*

Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.
Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs:
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here!
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? but ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.
Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?
Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Nor knit my ſoul to an approved wanton.
Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity——
Claud. I know what you would ſay. If I have known her,
You'll ſay ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſin.
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love
Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Claud. Out on thy ſeeming! I will write againſt it:
You ſeem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.
Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?
Leon. Sweet Prince, why ſpeak not you?
Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common ſtale.
Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is ſo; but what of this, my Lord?

Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beſet!
What kind of catechiſing call you this?

Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero herſelf can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. Leonato,
I am ſorry you muſt hear; upon mine honour,
Myſelf, my brother, and this grieved count
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, moſt like a liberal villain †,
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.

John. Fy, fy, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be ſpoken of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a hero hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd

† *Liberal* here, as in many places of theſe plays, means, *frank beyond honeſty* or *decency*. Johnſon.

About the thoughts and counſels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids ſhall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, couſin, wherefore ſink you down?

John. Come, let us go; theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

[*Exe. D.* Pedro, *D.* John *and* Claud.

SCENE II.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.
Hero! why Hero! uncle! Signior Benedick! friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid, no part of it is mine;

This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins.
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine ſo much,
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe,——O, ſhe is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.

Beat. O, on my ſoul, my coufin is belv'd.

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although until laſt night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal do warrant
The tenor of my books; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou ſeeſt that all the grace that ſhe hath left
Is that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:

Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wiſdoms be miſled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not: if they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dried this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awake in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her a while be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead, indeed;
Maintain a mourning oſtentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What ſhall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good.
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travail look for greater birth:

She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd
Of ev'ry hearer: for it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why then we reck the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours; ſo will it fare with Claudio:
When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
Th' idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed. Then ſhall he mourn,
If ever love had intereſt in his liver,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly and juſtly as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away;
For to ſtrange ſores ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.
Come, Lady, die to live; this wedding day,
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and
endure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent Benedick *and* Beatrice.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair couſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you? is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not; it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you, but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword, Beatrice, thou lov'ſt me.

Beat. Do not ſwear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will ſwear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that ſays I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſauce that can be devis'd to it; I proteſt, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, ſweet Beatrice.

Beat. You have ſtay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to proteſt I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewell.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,——

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonoured my kinſwoman! O, that I were a man! what! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour—O God, that I were man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweet Hero! ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat——

Beat. Princes and counts! ſurely a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect, a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! but manhood is melted into curteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and ſwears it. I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him, I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you. By this hand, Claudio ſhall render me a dear account:

as you hear of me, ſo think of me: go comfort your couſin; I muſt ſay ſhe is dead, and ſo farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Priſon.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, *the Town Clerk and Sexton in gowns.*

To. Cl. Is our whole deſſembly appear'd?

Dogb. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Dogb. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before Maſter Conſtable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, ſirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is Conrade.

To. Cl. Write down, Maſter gentleman Conrade. Maſters, do you ſerve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope.

To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they ſerve God: and write God firſt: for God defend, but God ſhould go before ſuch villains.—Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; how anſwer you for yourſelves?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we ſay we are none.

To. Cl. A marvelous witty fellow, I aſſure you: but I will go about with him. Come you hither, ſirrah, a word in your ear, Sir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are both falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you we are none.

To. Cl. Well, ſtand aſide; 'fore God they are

both in a tale: have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Maſter town-clerk, you go not the way to examine, you muſt call the watch that are their accuſers.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, that's the defteſt way: let the watch come forth. Maſters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuſe theſe men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, Sir, that Don John the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince John a villain: why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Maſter town-clerk———

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thouſand ducats of Don John, for accuſing the lady Hero wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea, by th' maſs, that it is.

Sexton. What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace Hero before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, Maſters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning ſecretly ſtoll'n away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this ſuddenly died Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and ſhew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sexton Let them be in hand.

Conr. Off, coxcomb.

Dogb. God's my life, where's the ſexton? let

him write down the Prince's officer coxcomb: come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs—

Dogb. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my years? O that he were here to write me down an aſs! but maſters, remember that I am an aſs? though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſs. I am a wiſe fellow, and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, an houſholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any in Meſſina, and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an aſs!——

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Antonio.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.

Leon. I pray thee ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve; give not me counſel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch an one whoſe wrongs do ſuite with mine.
Bring me a father that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain:
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape and form.

If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And, ſorrow wag! cry, hem, when he ſhould groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all mens office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf; therefore give me no counſel,
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the ſtyle of gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf;
Make thoſe that do offend you ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon; nay, I will do ſo.
My ſoul doth tell me Hero is bely'd;
And that ſhall Claudio know, ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and Claudio haſtily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my Lords?

Pedro. We have ſome haſte, Leonato.

Leon. Some haſte, my Lord! well, fare you well, my Lord.
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.
Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would ly low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me;
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I ſay thou haſt belied mine innocent child,
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lyes buried with her anceſtors,
O, in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!
Claud. My villainy?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I ſay.
Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.
Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed;

But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt;
Win me and wear me, let him anſwer me:
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence:
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,———

Ant. Content yourſelf; God knows I lov'd my niece;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkſops!

Leon. Brother Anthony ———

Ant. Hold you content; what, man? I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhow an outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony,———

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake† your patience.
My heart is ſorry for you daughter's death;
But, on my honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord———

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And ſhall, or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

[*Ex. ambo.*

SCENE III.

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, ſee, here comes the man we went to ſeek.

† *Rack* your patience. *Reviſal.*

Claud. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my Lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother; what think'ſt thou? had we fought, I doubt we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour: I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; ſhall I draw it?

Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw to pleaſure us.

Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale: art thou ſick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man: what though care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it againſt me.—I pray you chuſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs.

Pedro By this light he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle †.

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jeſt not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe. You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and

† We have a proverbial ſpeech, *If he be angry, let him turn his girdle.* But I do not know its original or meaning. *Johnſon.*

her death ſhall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good chear.

Pedro. What, a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith I thank him; he hath bid me to a calve's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine wit; right, ſays ſhe, a fine little one; no, ſaid I, a great wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, a great groſs one; nay, ſaid I, a good wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body; nay, ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe; certain, ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman; nay, ſaid I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, ſaid ſhe, for he ſwore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forſwore on Tueſday morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did ſhe an hour together tranſſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in Italy.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhe car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet, for all that, and if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible Benedick's head.

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells Benedick the married man?

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour; you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My Lord, for your many courteſies I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your compʼny; your brother, the baſtard, is fled from Meſſina; you have among you kill'd a ſweet and

innocent lady. For my Lord Lack-beard there, he and I ſhall meet; and, 'till then, peace be with him! [*Exit* Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!

SCENE IV.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade *and* Borachio *guarded.*

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

Pedro. But, ſoft you, let me ſee, pluck up my heart and be ſad; did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir; if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance; nay, an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? Borachio one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my Lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed falſe report; moreover, they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they art committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd, and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? This learned

conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to ſlander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you diſgrac'd her, when you ſhould marry her; my villainy they have upon record, which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame; the lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery; And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs. By this time our ſexton hath reform'd Signior Leonato of the matter; and, maſters, do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes Maſter Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

SCENE V.

Enter Leonato *and* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me ſee his eyes; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him; which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath
Haſt kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo, villain; thou bely'ſt thyſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: chuſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin; yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet, to ſatisfy this old good man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the people in Meſſina here
How innocent ſhe dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you ſhould have given her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming,
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me:
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remembred in his puniſhment; and alſo the watch heard them talk of one *deformed*: they ſay he wears a key in his ear *, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake. Pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation!

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your worſhip, which I beſeech your worſhip to correct yourſelf, for the example of others. God keep your worſhip; I wiſh your worſhip well: God reſtore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my Lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on, we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

* This is in ridicule of one of the moſt fantaſtical faſhions of that time, the mens wearing rings in their ears and indulging a favourite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbands, and called a *love lock.* Warburton.

SCENE VI.

Changes to Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Benedick *and* Margaret.

Bene. Pray thee, ſweet Miſtreſs Margaret, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, Margaret, that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep below ſtairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call Beatrice; I give thee the bucklers *.

Marg. Give us the ſwords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, Margaret, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Marg.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*] *The God of love, that ſits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deſerve,*—I mean, in ſinging; but in loving, Leander the good ſwimmer, Troilus the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe; why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf in love. Marry, I cannot ſhew it in

* I ſuppoſe that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or to *lay by all thoughts of defence*; ſo *clipeum abjicere*. Johnſon.

rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady*, but *baby*, an innocent's rhime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhime: for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babbling rhime; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.

SCENE VII.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldſt thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but till then.

Beat. Then is ſpoken; fare you well now; and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath paſſed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſs'd.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of its right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit; but, I muſt tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward; and, I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politic a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion; there's

not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum; therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself; who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy. And now, tell me how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle: yonder's old coil at home; it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd; the Prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and Attendants with tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my Lord.

EPITAPH.

Done to death by ſlanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lyes:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that dy'd with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praiſing her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now muſic ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight;*
For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan
Heavily, heavily;
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
'Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.
Pedro. Good morrow, maſters, put your torches out;
The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.
Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claud. And Hymen now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!
[*Exeunt.*

* Helena, in *All's well that ends well*, uſes *knight* in the ſame ſignification. *Johnſon.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urſula, Antonio, Friar, *and* Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?
Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio who accus'd
Upon the error that you heard debated. [her,
But Margaret was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourſelves,
And when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour,
To viſit me; you know your office, brother,
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I muſt intreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To what, Signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio and the Prince; but what's your will?
Bene. Your anſwer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' th' ſtate of honourable marriage;
In which, good Friar, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

SCENE X.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio, *with Attendants.*

Bedro. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.
Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, Clau-
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd [dio.
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready. [*Exit* Antonio.
Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick; why, what's the matter
That you have ſuch a February face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm and cloudineſs?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the ſavage bull:
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And ſo all Europe ſhall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at luſty Jove,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, Sir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow;
And got a calf, in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you; for you have juſt his bleat.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antonio, *with* Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, *and* Urſula, *maſk'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reck-'nings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?
Ant. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then ſhe's mine; ſweet, let me ſee your face.
Leon. No, that you ſhall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this friar, and ſwear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy friar,
I am your huſband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife;
[*Unmaſking.*

And when you lov'd, you were my other huſband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One Hero dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And, ſurely, as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my Lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify.
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell thee largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chapel let us preſently.

Bene. Soft and fair, Friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I anſwer to that name; what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reaſon.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio, have been deceiv'd; they ſwore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reaſon.

Beat. Why, then my couſin Margaret, and Urſula
Have been deceiv'd; for they did ſwear you did.

Bene. They ſwore you were almoſt ſick for me.

Beat. They ſwore you were well nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, couſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my couſin's hand, ſtollen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion, and partly to

ſave your life; for, as I was told, you were in a conſumption.

Bene. Peace, I will ſtop your mouth——

[*Kiſſing her.*

Pedro. How doſt thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Doſt think I care for a ſatire or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him. In brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldſt have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play, muſic. Prince, thou art ſad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Meſſina.

Bene. Think not on him 'till to-morrow: I'll deviſe thee brave puniſhments for him. Strike up, pipers. [*Danse.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING of France.
Duke of Florence.
BERTRAM, Count of Rouſillon.
LAFEU, an old Lord.
PAROLLES, a paraſitical follower of Bertram; a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.
Several young French Lords, that ſerve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward, } ſervants to the Counteſs of Rouſillon.
Clown, }

Counteſs of Rouſillon, mother to Bertram.
HELENA, daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.
An old widow of Florence.
DIANA, daughter to the widow.

VIOLENTA, } neighbours, and friends to the
MARIANA, } widow.

Lords, attending on the King; officers, ſoldiers, *&c.*

SCENE *lyes partly in* France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

The perſons were firſt enumerated by ROWE.

ALL'S WELL that ENDS WELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Countess of Rousillon's *House in* France.

Enter Bertram, *the Countess of* Rousillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *all in black.*

Countess.

IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, Madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly; he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could have been ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good Lord, the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my Lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His ſole child, my Lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good that her education promiſes her; diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities *, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more, leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, Bertram, and ſucceed thy father

* By *virtuous qualities* here, are not meant thoſe of a moral kind, but ſuch as are acquired by erudition and good breeding.

In manners as in ſhape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my Lord;
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier, good my Lord,
Adviſe him.'

Laf. He cannot want the beſt,
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heav'n bleſs him! Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit* Counteſs.

Ber. To Helena.] The beſt wiſhes that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be ſervants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty Lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Lafeu.

SCENE II.

Hel. Oh, were that all!——I think not on my father;
And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it but my Bertram's.
I am undone! there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I ſhould love a bright partic'lar ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!——

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly *.

SCENE III.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And, no.———

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have ſome ſtain of ſoldier in you; let me aſk you a queſtion. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: man, ſitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city. It is not politic, in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found:

* *Cold* for naked; as *ſuperfluous* for over-cloath'd. This makes the propriety of the antitheſis. *Warburton.*

by being ever kept, it is ever loſt; 'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mother; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelf is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf, and ſhould be buried in highways, out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding its own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt prohibited ſin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itſelf two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principal itſelf not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion: richly ſuted, but unſutable; juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pike, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yes, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet *.

* Sir T. Hanmer thus ſupplies the apparent defect here:

Hel. *Not my virginity yet.*——You're for the court;
There ſhall your maſter, &c.

There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his diſcord dulcet;
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious Chriſtendoms,
That blinking Cupid goſſips †. Now ſhall he——
I know not what he ſhall—God ſend him well!—
The court's a learning place—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well—'tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur Parolles,
My Lord calls for you. [*Exit* Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have kept you ſo under, that you muſt needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

† The *Reviſal* conſiders the eight preceding verſes as a not inelegant ſatire on the extravagant epithets uſed in the love poetry of our author's age. Dr Warburton rejects them, as being "ſuch finiſhed nonſenſe as is never heard out of Bedlam."

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes ſafety: but the compoſition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, as I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of courtier's counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away. Farewell. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends; get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewell. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do ly,
Which we aſcribe to Heav'n. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
* The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kiſs like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe
What hath been cannot be. Who ever ſtrove

* All theſe four lines are obſcure, and, I believe, corrupt. I ſhall propoſe an emendation, which thoſe who can explain the preſent reading are at liberty to reject.

Through *mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
Likes to join likes, *and kiſs like native things.*

That is, *Nature* brings *like qualities* and diſpoſitions *to meet* through any *diſtance* that *fortune* may have ſet between them: ſhe *joins* them, and makes them *kiſs like things born together.*

The next lines I read with Hanmer:

To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The king's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court of France.

Flouriſh cornets. Enter the King of France, *with letters, and divers attendants.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our couſin Auſtria;
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And Florence is deny'd before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
The Tuſcan ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count Rouſillon, my good Lord, young Bertram.

Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe
What ha'nt *been, cannot be.*

New attempts ſeem impoſſible to thoſe who eſtimate their *labour* or *enterpriſes* by ſenſe, and believe that nothing can be but what they ſee before them. *Johnſon.*

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip: he did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To day in our young lords: but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs, if they were
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand *. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: ſuch a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lyes richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.

King. Would I were with him! he would always
Methinks I hear him now; his plauſive words [ſay,
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear—Let me not live,——

* We ſhould read, *His tongue obey'd* the *hand*; that is, the *hand* of *his honour's clock*, ſhewing *the true minute when exceptions bade him ſpeak.* Johnſon.

—Thus his good melancholy oft began
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out—Let me not live (quoth he)
After my flame lacks oil, to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Meer fathers of their garments †; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions:——this he wiſh'd.
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't.——How long is't,
Since the phyſician at your father's died? [Count,
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications—nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure.——Welcome, Count,
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majeſty. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Counteſs's at Rouſillon.

Enter Counteſs, Steward, and Clown *.

Count. I will now hear; what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

† Who have no other uſe of their faculties than to invent new modes of dreſs. *Johnſon.*

* A *clown*, in Shakeſpeare, is commonly taken for a *licenſed jeſter*, or domeſtic *fool*. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, ſince fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the houſe. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only ſervant repreſented is Patiſon the *fool*. This is a proof of

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, ſirrah; the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam; 'tis not ſo well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but if I have your Ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, Iſbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In Iſbel's caſe and mine own; ſervice is no heretage, and, I think I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God 'till I have iſſue of my body; for they ſay bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and indeed I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wiſe.

In ſome plays, a ſervant or ruſtic, of remarkable petulance and freedom of ſpeech, is likewiſe called a *clown*. Johnſon.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of. He that ears my land ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop. If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the Puritan, and old Poyſam the Papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I, Madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way;———

" For I the ballad will repeat, which men full
" true ſhall find,
" Your marriage comes by deſtiny, your cuckow
" ſings by kind."

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. " Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
" Why the Grecians ſacked Troy? [*Singing.*
" Fond done, fond done;—for Paris, he
" Was this King Priam's joy.
" With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
" And gave this ſentence then,
" Among nine bad if one be good,
" There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a

purifying o' th' ſong: 'would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parſon; one in ten, quoth a'! an' we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man ſhould be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—though honeſty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplus of humility over the black gown of a big heart—I am going, forſooth. The buſineſs is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith I do. Her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds; there is more owing her than is paid, and more ſhall be paid her than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, ſhe wiſhed me: alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe lov'd your ſon; Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor knight to be ſurpriz'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward. This ſhe delivered in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly, keep it to yourſelf; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that

I could neither believe nor miſdoubt; pray you, leave me; ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care; I will ſpeak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n ſo it was with me when I was young;
If we are nature's, theſe are ours: this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſs'd in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, O! then we thought them none.
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.——
Hel. What is your pleaſure, Madam?
Count. Helen, you know I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.
Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I ſaid a mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent. What's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay I'm your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe
That were inwombed mine. 'Tis often ſeen
Adoption ſtrives with nature, and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds.
You ne'er oppreſs'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care.
God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To ſay I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eyes?
Why,——that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I ſay I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count Rouſillon cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.

My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.———
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, Madam, would you were.
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers
I care no more for than I do for Heav'n *,
So I were not his ſiſter: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother †?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield you mean it not, daughter and mother
So ſtrive upon your pulſe! What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs.—Now I ſee
The myſt'ry of your lonelineſs, and find
Your ſalt tears' head; now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay thou doſt not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis ſo. For, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſsly ſhewn in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they ſpeak it: only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected; ſpeak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forſwear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
As Heav'n ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good Madam, pardon me,
Count. Do you love my ſon?
Hel. Your pardon, noble Miſtreſs.

* Dr Warburton reads,
(I can *no more* fear, *than I do* fear *Heav'n)*,
i. e. God, whom I fear beyond any other being, knows my ſecret already; why ſhould I therefore fear to diſcover it to the Counteſs? *Reviſal.*

† The meaning is obſcured by the elliptical diction. *Can it* be *no other* way, *but* if *I* be *your daughter, he muſt be my brother?* Johnſon.

Count. Love you my ſon?
Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high Heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heav'n,
I love your ſon.
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know how that deſert ſhall be.
I know I love in vain: ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt Madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of liking
Wiſh chaſtely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herſelf and love; O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chuſe
But lend, and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that which ſearch implies;
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.
Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to Paris?
Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſov'reignty; and that he will'd me,

In heedfull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes whoſe faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings whereof
The King is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive for Paris, was it? ſpeak.

Hel. My Lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply, been abſent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? he and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help. How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething hints
More than my father's ſkill, (which was the great'ſt
Of his profeſſion), that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be ſanctified
By th' luckieſt ſtars in heav'n; and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his Grace's cure,
By ſuch a day and hour.

Count. Doſt thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou ſhalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in court. I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing unto thy attempt:
Begone to-morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine *war.* Bertram *and* Parolles. *Flouriſh cornets.*

King.

FArewell, young Lords. Theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you. You, my Lords, farewell;
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return,
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege; farewell, young Lords:
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy *,
(Thoſe 'bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy †), ſee that you come

* The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the Higher and the Lower, the Appennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition. The ſide next the Adriatic was denominated the *Higher Italy*, and the other ſide the *Lower*. And the two ſeas followed the ſame terms of diſtinction; the Adriatic being called the *Upper Sea*, and the Tyrrhene or Tuſcan, the *Lower*. Now, the Sennones, or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here ſuppoſed to be at war, inhabited the Higher Italy, their chief town being Ariminum, now called *Rhimini*, upon the Adriatic.

† Italy, at the time of this ſcene, was under three very different tenures. The Emperor, as ſucceſſor of the Roman Emperors, had one part; the Pope, by a pretended donation from Conſtantine, another; and the

Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of Italy,—take heed of them;
They ſay our French lack language to deny,
If they demand. Beware of being captives
Before you ſerve *.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me. [*To* Bertram.

[*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us!———

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark———

2 *Lord.* Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, *Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early* —

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with? by Heav'n I'll ſteal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body †.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur Parolles!———

third was compoſed of free ſtates. Now, by the *laſt monarchy* is meant the Roman, the laſt of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the ſcramble, ſeveral cities ſet up for themſelves, and became free ſtates; now, theſe might be ſaid properly to *inherit* the *fall* of the monarchy.

* *Be not captives before* you ſerve in the war. *Be not captives before you are ſoldiers.* Johnſon.

† I read thus, *Our parting is* the parting of a *tortured body.* Johnſon.

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good ſparks, and luſtrous. A word, good metals. You ſhall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

2 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble Captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King———

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have reſtrained yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there, do muſter true gait ‡, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt received ſtar; and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the King, and Lafeu. Lafeu *kneels.*

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands that hath bought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to aſk me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

King I would I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, acroſs *:—but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

‡ They *do muſter* with the *true gaite*, that is, they have the true military ſtep. *Johnſon.*

* This word is uſed when any paſs of wit miſcarries. *Johnſon.*

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have ſeen a medicine †
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe King Pipin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor-ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, her years, profeſſion ‡,
Wiſdom and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs. Will you ſee her,
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.

Laf. returns.] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.

King. This haſte hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
This is his Majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears; I'm Creſſid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

† *Medicine* is here put for a ſhe-phyſician.

‡ By *profeſſion* is meant her declaration of the end and purpoſe of her coming.

SCENE III.

King. Now, fair one, does your buſineſs follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſe toward him;
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bad me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two; more dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſome nature
From her unaidable eſtate: we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empericks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.
Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'ſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy.

He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
When mir'cles have by th' greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.
King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of Heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give conſent;
Of Heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.
King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
Hel. The Greateſt lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt Heſperus hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs,
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'ſt thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name.

Sear'd otherwiſe no worſe of worſt extended *;
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak
His powerful ſound †, within an organ weak;
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſic I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deſerv'd! not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.
King. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:

* This paſſage is apparently corrupt, and how ſhall it be rectified? Perhaps it were better thus,

———*my maiden name*
Sear'd; otherwiſe the worſt to *worſt extended;*
With vileſt torture let my life be ended. Johnſon.

† The lines ſhould be thus read and pointed,
Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak:
His power full *ſounds within an organ* weak. Warb.

So make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to truſt:)
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and unbounded bleſt.
Give me ſome help here, hoa! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Rouſillon.

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, Sir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhew myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. But to the court? why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove Tueſday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his ſkin

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't. Aſk me, if I am a courtier;—it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in a queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, Sir *———there's a ſimple putting off—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir——thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord Sir,———nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, Sir———ſpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, Sir, at your whipping, and ſpare not me? indeed, your O Lord, Sir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my——O Lord, Sir: I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble huſwife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your buſineſs: give Helen this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back.
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon:
This is not much.

* A ridicule on that fooliſh expletive of ſpeech then in vogue at court. *Warburton.*

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much employment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court of France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. They ſay miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors; enſconſing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder that hath ſhot out in our later times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts———

Par. So I ſay, both of Galen and Paracelſus *.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows—

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,———

Par. Why, there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf Not to be help'd,———

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death,———

Par Juſt, you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed, if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall read it in, what do you call there—

Laf. A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.

* I read this paſſage thus,
Laf. *To be relinquiſhed of the artiſts*——
Par. *So I ſay.*
Laf. *Both of Galen and Paracelſus, of all the learned and authentic fellows*———
Par. *Right, ſo I ſay.* Johnſon.

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier: for me, I ſpeak in reſpect———

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the———

Laf. Very hand of Heav'n.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak——

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence; which ſhould, indeed, give us a farther uſe to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King; as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Helena, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well. Here comes the King.

Laf. Luſtick, as the Dutchman ſays. I'll like a maid the better while I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this Helena?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſov'reign power and father's voice
I have to uſe; thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you, one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe! marry, to each but one.—

Laf. I'd give bay Curtail and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe but had a noble father.

[*She addreſſes herſelf to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, Heaven hath, through me, re-
The King to health. [ſtor'd

All. We underſtand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid.——
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
"We bluſh that thou ſhouldſt chuſe, but be refus'd;
"Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever,
"We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice, and, ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that God moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream: Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir:—all the reſt is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great Love grant! and ſo I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipt, or I would ſend them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her; ſure they are baſtards to the Engliſh, the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not ſo.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am ſure thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay I take you: but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guided power: this is the man.
[*To* Bertram.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her; ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I ſhall beſeech your Highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs, give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, Bertram,
What ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord;
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo.
From loweſt place, when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone
Is good, without a name vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,

Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour: that is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou can'ſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue and ſhe
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chuſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go.——

King. My honour's at the ſtake; which to defend,
I muſt produce my power. Here take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift!
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that can'ſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good;
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers *, and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine anſwer.

* One ſpecies of the *ſtaggers*, or the *horſes apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal daſh himſelf with deſtructive violence againſt poſts or walls. To this the alluſion, I ſuppoſe, is made. *Johnſon.*

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid, I find that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The prized of the King; who, ſo ennobled,
Is as 'twere born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize, if not in thy eſtate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the King
Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the new-born brief†,
And be perform'd to-night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe does err. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir.

Laf. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—my lord? my maſter?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter!

† This, if it be at all intelligible, is at leaſt obſcure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus,

——————what *ceremony*
Shall ſeem expedient on the new-born brief,
Shall *be perform'd to-night; the ſolemn feaſt*
Shall more attend——————

The *brief* is the *contract of eſpouſal*, or the *licence* of the church. The King means, What *ceremony* is neceſſary to make this *contract* a *marriage*, ſhall be immediately *performed;* the reſt may be delayed. *Johnſon.*

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rouſillon?

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's maſter is of another ſtyle.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old———

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries ‡, to be a pretty wiſe fellow: thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs: yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee———

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which if,—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! ſo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, I look thro' thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not 'bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer———

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o' th' contrary. If ever thou be'ſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default *, he is a man I know.

‡ While I ſat twice with thee at table. *Johnſon.*

* That is, *at a need.* Johnſon.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord!—Well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of——I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's married, there's news for you: you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller; you are more ſawcy with lords and honourable perſonages than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then.—Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn prieſt I've ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What, what! ſweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me. I'll to the Tuſcan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.
He wears his honour in a box, unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery ſteed: to other regions
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't jades;
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It ſhall be ſo: I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike. War is no ſtrife,
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me. I'll ſend her ſtraight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it.—'Tis hard;
A young man married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but, huſh! 'tis ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Helena *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health; ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: but, thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i' th' world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heav'n, whither God ſend her quickly; the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate Lady!

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing. To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to

the world's pleaſure, and the increaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to-night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint: [ledge;
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'th' King,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding;
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit* Parolles.

Hel. I pray you.——Come, ſirrah. [*To* Clown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the King? [*Aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure, given order for our horſes; and to-night, when I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride——and ere I do begin——

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter-end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten—— God ſave you, Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my Lord and you, Monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerved to run into my Lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be you have miſtaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matters of heavy conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, Monſieur, I have ſpoken better of you than you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle Lord, I ſwear.——

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well, and common ſpeech
Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

SCENE XI.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting; only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.
Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, Helen, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time; nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſettled: this drives me to intreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe, than aſk, why I intreat you;
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than ſhews itſelf at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out That,
Wherein tow'rd me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let That go:
My haſte is very great. Farewell; hie home.
Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much——nothing, indeed——
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord—'faith, yes;——
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.
Ber. I pray you, ſtay not: but in haſte to horſe.
Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord. [*Exit* Helena.
Ber. Where are my other men, Monſieur?—— farewell.
Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, Couragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's Court in Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with Soldiers.*

Duke.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.
1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the oppoſer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much our couſin France
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.
2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable motion*; therefore dare not

* We ſhould read *notion.* Warburton.

Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
Myſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure the younger of our nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for phyſic.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be:
And all the honours that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, ſave that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend his ruff, and ſing; aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Iſbal, ſince I was at court. Our old ling and our Iſbels o' th' country, are nothing like your old ling and your Iſbels o' th' court: the brain of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Counteſs *reads a letter.*

I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the not

eternal. You ſhall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breath enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate ſon,
Bertram.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a king,
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your ſon was run away.

SCENE III.

Enter Helena *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.—

2 *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience—'Pray you, gentlemen,
I've felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my ſon?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my paſſport.

When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger which never ſhall come off; and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a* Then *I write a* Never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam; and, for the contents' ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, Lady, have a better chear.
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety: he was my ſon,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, haply, which his heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife?
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a Lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſome time known.

Count. Parolles was't not?

* *i.e.* When thou canſt get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy poſſeſſion. *Warburton.*

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good Lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wicked-
My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature [neſs:
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have *.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you ſee my ſon, to tell him that his ſword can never win the honour that he loſes: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We ſerve you, Madam, in that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies. Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Counteſs and Gentlemen.*

SCENE IV.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife I have nothing in* France.
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, Rouſillon, none in France;
Then haſt thou all again. Poor Lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoaky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piercing air †,
That ſings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd

* That is, his vices ſtand him in ſtead. *Warburton.*

† We ſhould read,——pierce the ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing,———
i. e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and ſuffers no injury by piercing. *Warburton.*

With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere
That all the miſeries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rouſſillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Duke's Court in Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, *drum and trumpets, Soldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. The General of our Horſe thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy proſp'rous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Rouſſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know ſhe would do as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

I am St Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody courſe of war
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
His name with zealous fervour ſanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpightful Juno, ſent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo: had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice. Write, write, Rynaldo,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger:
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both

Is deareſt to me, I've no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction. Provide this meſſenger.
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to a public Place in Florence.

A tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come. For if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay the French Count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported that he has ta'en their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the Duke's brother. We have loſt our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been ſolicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one Parolles; a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl: beware of them, Diana; their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *diſguiſed like a pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo.——Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know ſhe will lie at my houſe; thither they ſend one another; I'll queſtion her: God ſave you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To St Jaques le Grand. Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the St Francis, beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hoſteſs
As ample as myſelf.

Hel. Is it yourſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France.

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy ſervice.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count Rouſillon: know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you it is ſo?

Hel. Ay, ſurely, meer the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that ſerves the Count
Reports but coarſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur Parolles.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting Lord.
Wid. Ah! right; good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly. This young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be the am'rous Count ſolicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

SCENE VIII.

Drum and colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The gods forbid elſe!
Wid. So now they come:
That is Antonio, the Duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, Eſcalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife! if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honeſt: yond's that ſame knave
That leads him to theſe places *; were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.
Hel. Which is he?

* What *places?* Have they been talking of brothels; or, indeed, any particular locality? I make no queſtion but our author wrote, *That leads him to theſe* paces, *i. e.* ſuch irregular ſteps, to courſes of debauchery, to not loving his wife. *Theobald.*

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' th' battle.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.———

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, *&c.*

Mar. And your courteſy, for a ring-carrier!——

Wid. The troop is paſt: come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you ſhall hoſt: of injoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St Jaques bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you.
Pleaſe it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night: the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Bertram, *and the two French Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your Lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman, he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your Lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will ſuddenly ſurpriſe him; ſuch I will have whom I am ſure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him, ſo that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents: be but your Lordſhip preſent at his examination; if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays he has a ſtratagem for't; when your Lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal his counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment *, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

SCENE X.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

* Holingſhed, in his deſcription of Ireland, ſpeaking of Patrick Scarcefield, (Mayor of Dublin in the year 1551) and of his extravagant hoſpitality, ſubjoins, That no gueſt had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: ſo that *his porter, or any other officer, durſt not, for both his ears, give the ſimpleſt man that reſorted to his houſe, Tom Drum's entertainment*, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thruſt him out by both the ſhoulders. *Theobald.*

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum ſo loſt! there was an excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that Cæſar himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*——

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, Monſieur; if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will preſently pen down my dilemma's, encourage myſelf in my certainty, put myſelf into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant; and to the poſſibility of ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee; farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water.——Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do: certain it is that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and for a week eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almoſt imboſs'd him, you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your Lordſhip's reſpect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old Lord Lafeu; when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee this very night.

2 *Lord.* I muſt go and look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your Lordſhip I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you
The laſs I ſpoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you ſay ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i' th' wind,
Tokens and letters, which ſhe did reſend;
And this is all I've done; ſhe's a fair creature,
Will you go ſee her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe.

Enter Helena, *and Widow.*

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further;
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Tho' my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes;
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.
Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the Count he is my huſband;
And what to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken,
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.
Wid. I ſhould believe you,
For you have ſhew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny
That ſhe'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.
Hel. You ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;

In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtely abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſevere,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes,
With muſic of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us aſſay our plot; which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act *,
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it—— [*Exeunt.*

* To make this jingling riddle complete in all its parts, we ſhould read the ſecond line thus,

And lawful meaning in a WICKED *act.*

The ſenſe of the two lines is this, It is a *wicked meaning*, becauſe the woman's intent is to deceive; but a *lawful deed*, becauſe the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a *lawful meaning*, becauſe done by her to gain her huſband's eſtranged affection; but it is a *wicked act*, becauſe he goes intentionally to commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus, *Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact*; i. e. where neither of them ſin, and yet it is a ſinful fact on both ſides; which concluſion, we ſee, requires the emendation here made. *Warburton.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Part of the French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter one of the French *Lords, with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

Lord.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good Captain, let me be th' interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord But what linſy-woolſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

Lord. He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i' th' adverſary's entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we ſpeak one to another, ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politic. But cough, hoa! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock; within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? it muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoak me, and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door;

I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay I got them in exploit; yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the inſtance? Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule*, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

Lord. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

Lord. We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay it was in ſtratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and ſay I was ſtript.

Lord. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore I leap'd from the window of the citadel———

Lord. How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemies; I would ſwear I recover'd it.

Lord. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies! [*Alarum within.*

Lord. *Throco movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

Par. Oh! ranſom, ranſom:—do not hide mine eyes. [*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

* We ſhould read *Bajazet's mute, i. e.* a Turkiſh mute. *Warburton.*

Inter. *Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.*

Par. I know you are the Muſkos regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeak to me;
I'll diſcover that which ſhall undo the Florentine.

Inter. *Boſkos vauvado*; I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue; *Kerelybonto*,——Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Mancha ravancha dulche.

Lord. *Oſceoribi dulchos volivorco.*

Inter. The General is content to ſpare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on,
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhew;
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. *Acordo linta.*
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit.*

[*A ſhort alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count Rouſillon and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourſelves,
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lock't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe.

Enter Bertram, *and* Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good Lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddeſs,
And worth it with addition! but, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.

Dia. She then was honeſt.

Ber. So ſhould you be.

Dia. No.
My mother did but duty: ſuch, my Lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.

Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

Ber. How have I ſworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow that is vow'd true;
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by *,
But take the High'ſt to witneſs: then, pray tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes

* The ſenſe is, We never ſwear by what is not holy, but ſwear by, or take to witneſs, the Higheſt, the Divinity. *Reviſal.*

I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unſeal'd;
At leaſt in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: ſtand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Which then recover. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſevere.

Dia. I ſee that men make hopes in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In me to loſe.

Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My houſe, my honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them;
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put

Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu 'till then; then, fail not: you have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me.
You may ſo in the end.———
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead: therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are ſo braid*,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid;
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince; there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

* Crafty, deceitful. *Reviſal.*

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors; and, as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, 'till * they attain to their abhorr'd ends; ſo he that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant † damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a meaſure of his own judgment, wherein ſo curiouſly he hath ſet this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count Rouſillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife ſome two months ſince fled from his houſe: her pretence is a pilgrimage to St Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd; and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

* The ſenſe ſeems to require that we ſhould read, ere *they attain.* Reviſal.

† I believe Shakeſpeare wrote, *Is it not,* mean time, *damnable.* Reviſal.

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death; her death itſelf (which could not be her office to ſay, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily ſometimes we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily ſome other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encountered with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your maſter?

Serv. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave: his Lordſhip will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the King's tartneſs; here's his Lordſhip now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of diſ-

patch, effected many nicer neeps: the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit module; h'as deceived me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as ſate in the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your Lordſhip already: the ſtocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk; he hath confeſs'd himſelf to Morgan, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i' th' ſtocks; and what, think you, he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face; if your Lordſhip be in't, as, I believe, you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

SCENE V.

Enter Parolles, *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures; what, will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Interp. *Boſko Chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Biblibindo chicarmurcho.*

Inter. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. Firſt demand of him, how many horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable; the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monſieur Parolles, the gallant militariſt, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid, (I will ſay true,) or thereabouts, ſet down; for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvelous poor.

Inter. Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are a-foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this preſent hour, I will tell true. Let me ſee; Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebaſtian ſo many, Corambus ſo many, Jaques ſo many; Guiltian, Coſmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each; ſo that the muſter file,

rotten and ſound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thouſand Pole; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down. You ſhall demand of him, whither one Capt. Dumain be i' th' camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in war; or whether he thinks it were not poſſible with well-weighing ſums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Inter. Do you know this Capt. Dumain?

Par. I know him; he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the ſheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him *nay*.

[Dumain *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowſy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not ſo upon me, we ſhall hear of your Lordſhip anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o' th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis, here's a paper; ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Inter. *Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold* *.

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle boy; but, for all that, very ruttiſh. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Inter. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both ſides rogue.

Interpreter *reads the letter.*

When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it †:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,

* After this line there is apparently a line loſt, there being no rhyme that correſponds to gold. *Johnſon.*

† This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very ſlight alteration, *Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it.* That is, *a match well made is half won; watch, and make it well.*

This is, in my opinion, not all the errour. The lines are miſplaced, and ſhould be read thus:

Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it;
When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,
And ſay———

That is, take his money, and leave him to himſelf. When the players had loſt the ſecond line, they tried to make a connection out of the reſt. Part is apparently in couplets, and the note was probably uniform. *Johnſon.*

And ſay, a ſoldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiſs.
For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it;
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.

Ber. He ſhall be whipt thro' the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguiſt, and the armi-potent ſoldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Inter. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any caſe: not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i' th' ſtocks, any where, ſo I may live.

Inter. We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more, to this Capt. Dumain; you have anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, Sir, an egg out of a cloiſter; for rapes and raviſhments he parallels Neſſus. He profeſſes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is ſtronger than Hercules. He will lie, Sir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool; drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue, for he will be ſwine-drunk, and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, Sir, of his honeſty; he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty; a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Inter. What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the Engliſh tragedians: to belie him I will not; and more

of his ſoldierſhip I know not, except in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath outvillain'd villainy ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he is a cat ſtill †.

Inter. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to aſk you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart-d'ecu* he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' entail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

Inter. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he aſk him of me?

Inter. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' th' ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a retreat he out-runs any laquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horſe Count Rouſillon?

Inter. I'll whiſper with the General, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger; yet who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*Aſide.*

Inter. There is no remedy, Sir, but you muſt die; the General ſays, you that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch

† That is, throw him how you will he lights upon his legs. *Johnſon.*

peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Inter. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, Captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame ſonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rouſillon? if I were not a very coward I'd compell it of you. But fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Inter. You are undone, Captain, all but your ſcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

Inter. If you can find out a country where but women were that had received ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for France too, we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall; ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, Parolles, live
Saſeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe at Florence.

Enter Helena, Widow *and* Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the Chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whoſe throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a deſired office,
Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marſeilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy; you muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead; the army breaking,
My huſband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a ſervant to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Miſtreſs,
Ever a friend whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompenſe your love. Doubt not but Heav'n
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive *
And helper to a huſband. But, O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

* *Motive* for aſſiſtant. *Warburton.*

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp. We muſt away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
All's well that ends well; ſtill the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your ſon was miſled with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there, whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour †. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praiſe for creating; if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love ‡.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, Sir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.

† Alluding to two faſhions then in vogue; one of uſing yellow ſtarch for their ruffs and bands, the other of colouring paſte with ſaffron.

‡ This dialogue ſerves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play. *Johnſon.*

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's ſervice, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an Engliſh name; but his phiſnomy is more hotter in France than there *.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, Sir, *alias* the prince of darkneſs, *alias* the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe; I give thee not this to ſeduce thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire †; and the maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good fire; but, ſure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways; I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall

* We ſhould read,—*more honour'd.* Warburton.

† Shakeſpeare is but rarely guilty of ſuch impious traſh. And it is obſervable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteriſtic of the *fine-gentleman.* Warburton.

out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſawcineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good lady's death, and that my Lord your ſon was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my maſter to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe; his Highneſs has promis'd me to do it; and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceiv'd againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How does your Ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſs comes poſt from Marſeilles, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that, I hope, I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a ſcar under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly

patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of France *at* Marſeilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

Helena.

BUT this exceeding poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low; we cannot help it.
But ſince you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you, Sir,

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the King;

And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.
Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?
Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!
Hel. *All's well that ends well* yet,
Tho' time ſeems ſo adverſe, and means unfit.
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rouſillon,
Whither I am going.
Hel. I beſeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Rouſillon.

Enter Clown, *and* Parolles.

Par. Good Mr Levatch, give my Lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher cloaths; but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, Sir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee ſtand away; a paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool to give to a nobleman! look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or fortune's cat, (but not a muſk-cat), that hath fall'n into the unclean fiſh-pond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſimilies of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pair her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart-d'ecu* for you; let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your Honour to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more. Come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, in ſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one

brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt night; though you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Counteſs, Lafeu, *the two French Lords, with Attendants.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her, our eſteem *
Was made much poorer by it; but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' th' blade of youth †,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon, the young Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive,
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts, that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well—call him hi-
We're reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill [ther;
All repetition: let him not aſk our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,

* *Eſteem* is here uſed for *eſtimation*, in the ſenſe of *worth, eſtate.*

† Dr Warburton reads *blaze* of youth.

And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incenſing relics of it. Let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my Liege.

King. What ſays he to your daughter? Have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your Highneſs.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters
That ſet him high in fame. [ſent me,

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou mayſt ſee a ſunſhine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole.
Not one word more of the conſumed time;
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on your quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of ev'ry other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:——

That thou doſt love her ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great 'compt; but love that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſour offence,
Crying, that's good that is gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and, after, weep their duſt:
Our own love, waking, cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet Helen's knell; and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin;
The main conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the firſt, O dear Heav'n bleſs;
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!

Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er ſhe took her leave at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it: for mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I've ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm ſure I ſaw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it;

In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood engag'd; but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture; ſhe ceas'd
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the ſaints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come), or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She never ſaw it.

King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conject'ral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out; if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman—'twill not prove ſo—
And yet I know not—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him;
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

SCENE V.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in diſmal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath ſome four or five removes come ſhort
To tender it herſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highneſs with herſelf.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouſillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for juſtice: grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this diſcov'ry. Seek theſe ſuitors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid the life of Helen (lady)
Was fouly ſnatch'd.

Count. Now juſtice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are ſo monſtrous to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear to them;
Yet you deſire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow *and* Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet:
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whoſe age and ho-
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring, [nour
And both ſhall ceaſe without your remedy.
King. Come hither, Count; do you know theſe women?
Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.
Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe which marries you muſt marry me,
Either both or none.
Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her. [*To* Ber.
Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp'rate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your ho-
Than in my thought it iyes! [nour,
Dia. Good my Lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,

Whoſe high reſpect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp,
If I be one.

Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis his:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gem
Conferr'd by teſtament to th' ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thouſand proofs.

King. Methought you ſaid,
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,
With all the ſpots o' th' world tax'd and deboſh'd,
Which nature ſickens with: but to ſpeak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think ſhe has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint;
As all impediments in fancy's courſe,
Are motives of more fancy; and in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace *,
Subdu'd me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I muſt be patient:
You, that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet † me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)

* I ſhould ſuſpect the Poet wrote,
Her own ſuit joining *with her* mother's, ſcarce
Subdu'd, &c. *Reviſal.*

† *i. e.* May juſtly conſtrain me to faſt, by depriving me of the dues of a wife. *Reviſal.*

Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the ſame upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

SCENE VI.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confeſs the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you!——
Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
Which on your juſt proceeding I'll keep off;
By him and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe; did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majeſty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he loved her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to ſpeak of; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence, therefore ſtand aſide. This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.
King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owns the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord,
[*To* Bert.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead tho' ſhe be, ſhe feels her young-one kick:
So there's my riddle; one, that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena, *and* Widow.

King. Is there no exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I ſee?
Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!
Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter; this it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?
[*To the Counteſs.*
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:

Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief,
[*To* Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home; I'll make ſport with thee. Let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow.
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*To* Dia.
Chuſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower:
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.
[*Exeunt* *.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

*This play has many delightful ſcenes, though not ſufficiently probable, and ſome happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaſter and a coward, ſuch as has always been the ſport of the ſtage, but perhaps never raiſed more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakeſpeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generoſity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when ſhe is dead by his unkindneſs, ſneaks home to a ſecond marriage, is accuſed by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himſelf by falſehood, and is diſmiſſed to happineſs. *Johnſon.*

THE LIFE and DEATH OF KING JOHN.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING JOHN.
Prince HENRY, ſon to the King.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, and nephew to the King.
PEMBROKE,
ESSEX,
SALISBURY, } Engliſh Lords.
HUBERT,
BIGOT,
FAULCONBRIDGE, baſtard-ſon to Richard the Firſt.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, ſuppoſed brother to the baſtard.
JAMES GURNEY, ſervant to the Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
Arch-duke of Auſtria.
Cardinal PANDULPHO, the Pope's legate,
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHATILLON, ambaſſador from France to King John.

ELINOR, Queen-mother of England.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
BLANCH, daughter to Alphonſo King of Caſtile, and niece to King John.
Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, mother to the baſtard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE *ſometimes in* England, *and ſometimes in* France.

The LIFE and DEATH OF KING JOHN*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex *and* Saliſbury, *with* Chatillon.

King JOHN.

NOW ſay, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the King of France,
In my behaviour, to the majeſty,
The borrow'd majeſty of England here.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning. Borrow'd majeſty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother, Geffrey's ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles,
And put the ſame into young Arthur's hand,

* Though this play have this title, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth of his life; and takes in only ſome tranſactions of his reign, to the time of his demiſe, being an interval of about ſeventeen years. *Theobld.*

Thy nephew, and right-royal ſovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we diſallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T' inforce theſe rights ſo forcibly with-held.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; ſo anſwer France.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embaſſy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France,
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't; farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* Chat. *and* Pem.

Eli. What now, my ſon? Have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious Conſtance would not ceaſe,
Till ſhe had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful, bloody iſſue, arbitrate.

K. John. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for us——

Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion, much more than your right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me;
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear,
Which none but Heav'n, and you, and I ſhall hear.

Enter Eſſex.

Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſy,
Come from the country, to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

[*Exit* Eſſex.

K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbeys and our priories ſhall pay
This expedition's charge——

SCENE II.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip *his Brother.*

What men are you?

Phil. Your faithful ſubject, I; a gentleman
Born in Northamptonſhire, and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The ſon and heir to that ſame Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems?

Phil. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father;
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, Madam? no; I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pounds a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;
But once he ſlander'd me with baſtardy;
But whether I be true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath Heav'n lent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion*'s face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land?
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pounds a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;——

Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale muſt be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſy
To Germany; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
Th' advantage of his abſence took the king,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I ſhame to ſpeak,
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lyes on the hazard of all huſbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how, if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world,

In ſooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him: this concludes *.
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that child which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a Faulcon-bridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed ſon of *Cœur-de-lion*,
Lord of thy preſence †, and no land beſide?

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
My arms ſuch eel-ſkins ſtuff'd; my face ſo thin,
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe ‡,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, Look, where three farthings goes ‖!
And to his ſhape were heir to all his land;
'Would, I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face,
I would not be Sir Nobbe in any caſe.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forſake thy fortune,

* *i. e.* This is a *deciſive argument.* Johnſon.

† *i. e.* Lord of thine own perſon. *Reviſal.*

‡ The ſticking *roſes* about them was then all the court-faſhion. *Warb.*

‖ We muſt obſerve, to explain this alluſion, that Queen Eliſabeth was the firſt, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-halfpence and three-farthing pieces. She at one and the ſame time coined ſhillings, ſix-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-halfpence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence. And theſe pieces all had her head, and were *alternately* with the *roſe* behind, and without the *roſe*. The ſhilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and halfpenny, had it not. The other intermediate coins, *viz.* the ſix-pence, three-pence, three-halfpence, and three-farthings, had the *roſe*. Theobald.

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to France.
Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet ſell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
—Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Phil. Philip, my Liege, ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldeſt ſon.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whoſe form thou bear'ſt.
Kneel thou down Philip, but riſe up more great;
Ariſe Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Phil. Brother by th' mother's ſide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!
Eli. The very ſpirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam; Richard, call me ſo.
Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right;
In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch,
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge, now haſt thou thy deſire;
A landleſs knight makes thee a landed ſquire.
Come, Madam, and come, Richard; we muſt ſpeed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.
Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou waſt got i' th' way of honeſty.

[*Exeunt all but* Philip.

SCENE III.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worſe!
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
Good den, Sir Robert,——Godamercy, fellow;
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too reſpective and unſociable
For your converſing. Now your traveller *,
He and his tooth-pick † at my worſhip's meſs;
And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why, then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
My piked man of countries;—My dear Sir,
(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
I ſhall beſeech you,———that is queſtion now:
And then comes anſwer like an ABC-book:
O Sir, ſays anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir:——
No, Sir, ſays queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours,——
And ſo e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
[And ſo am I, whether I ſmack or no:]
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth;
Which tho' I will not practiſe to deceive,

* In that age of newly excited curioſity, one of the entertainments at great tables ſeems to have been the diſcourſe of a traveller. *Johnſon.*

† *To pick the tooth*, and wear a *piqued beard*, were, in that time, marks of a man affecting foreign faſhions. *Johnſon.*

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother. Now, good lady,
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

SCENE IV.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother, where is he,
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?
Phil. My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's ſon,
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir Robert's ſon that you ſeek ſo?
Lady. Sir Robert's ſon? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir Robert's ſon; why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's ſon, and ſo art thou.
Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Phil. Philip!——ſparrow——James;
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* James.
Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's ſon;
Sir Robert might have ate his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir Robert could do well; marry, confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We knew his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir Robert never holpe to make this leg.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, ſhouldſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?
Phil. Knight, knight, good mother——Baſiliſco like*.
What! I am dub'd; I have it on my ſhoulder:

* Theſe words allude to an expreſſion in an old fooliſh play, then the common butt of ridicule. *Warb.*

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's ſon;
I have diſclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thyſelf a Faulconbridge?

Phil. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard *Cœur-de-lion* was thy father:
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my huſband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly.
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Againſt whoſe fury, and unmatched force,
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hands.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart, I thank thee for my father.
Who lives, and dares but ſay thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, Lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin;
And they ſhall ſay, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him *nay*, it had been ſin;
Who ſays, it was, he lies; I ſay, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Angiers *in* France.

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, *the Archduke of* Auſtria, Conſtance, *and* Arthur.

Lewis.

BEfore Angiers well met, brave Auſtria.
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood,

Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Paleſtine *,
By this brave duke came early to his grave †:
And for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, Engliſh John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God ſhall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion*'s death
The rather that you give his off-ſpring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a pow'rleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
A ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou haſt in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Ev'n till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Ev'n till that utmoſt corner of the weſt
Salute thee for her king Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

* So Raſtal in his chronicle. It is ſayd that a lyon was put to kynge Richard, beynge in priſon, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapynge he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the lyon by the harte ſo hard that he ſlewe the lyon, and therefore ſome ſay he is called *Rychарde Cure de lyon*; but ſome ſay he is called *Cure de lyon*, becauſe of his boldeneſs and hardy ſtomake. Dr *Gray*.

† This is not true. Richard was made priſoner by the Duke of Auſtria, but was releaſed for an exorbitant ranſom, and was afterwards killed with a croſs-bow, before the caſtle of Chalons. Dr *Gray*.

Conſt. O take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Auſt. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.

K. Philip. Well then, to-work; our engines ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town.
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market place in French-mens' blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.

Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your embaſſy,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood.
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Philip. A wonder, Lady!—Lo, upon thy wiſh
Our meſſenger Chatillon is arrived.
—What England ſays, ſay briefly, gentle Lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee. Chatillon, ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paultry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier taſk.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as ſoon as I.
His marches are expedient * to this town,
His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen;
An Até, ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife.
With her, her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a baſtard of the king deceas'd,
And all th' unſettled humours of the land;

* Immediate, *expeditious.* Johnſon.

Raſh, inconſid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens,
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the Engliſh bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and ſcathe in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance; they are at hand.
To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

SCENE II.

Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, *and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace aſcend to heav'n;
Whilſt we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.

K. Philip. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's ſake
With burthen of our armour here we ſweat;
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine.
But thou from loving England art ſo far,
That thou haſt under-wrought its lawful king,
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Out-faced infant ſtate, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth contain that large,

Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's; in the name of God,
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?

K. John. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, France,
To draw my anſwer to thy articles?

K. Philip. From that ſupernal Judge that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right:
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Under whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it.

K. John. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. Philip. Excuſe it, 'tis to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is't that thou doſt call uſurper, France?

Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.—

Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be king,
That thou may'ſt be a queen, and check the world!

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy huſband; and this boy,
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! by my ſoul I think
His father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Auſt. Peace.——

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Auſt. What the devill art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whoſe valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll ſinoak your ſkin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the lion of that robe.

Faulc. It lyes as ſightly on the back of him *,
As great Alcides' ſhews upon an aſs;
But, aſs, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we ſhall do ſtrait.

K. Philip. Women and fools, break off your conference.——
King John, this is the very ſum of all.
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur I do claim of thee.
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as ſoon.—I do defy thee, France.
—Arthur of Britain, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward-hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child

Conſt. Do, child, go to it' grandam child.
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam,

Arth. Good my mother, peace:
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.

Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whether ſhe does or no!

* Faulconbridge in his reſentment would ſay this to Auſtria, "That lion's ſkin, which my great father King "Richard once wore, looks as uncoothly on thy back, "as that other noble hide, which was borne by Hercu-"les, would look on the back of an aſs." *Theobald.*

His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draws thoſe heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n ſhall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heav'n ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heav'n and earth!

Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heav'n and earth!
Call me no ſlanderer; thou and thine uſurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy. This is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy ſins are viſited on this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he's not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her.——Plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy ſon.

Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will!—a wicked will;
A woman's will, a cankred grandam's will.

K. Phil. Peace, Lady; pauſe, or be more temperate:
It ill beſeems this preſence to cry Aim† [rate:
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of Angiers; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

[*Trumpets ſound.*

† Dr Warburton has well obſerved, on one of the former plays, that to cry *aim* is to *encourage*. Johnſon.

SCENE III.

Enter a Citizen upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phil. 'Tis France for England.
K. John. England for itſelf.
You men of Angiers, and my loving ſubjects——
K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle——
K. John. For our advantage—therefore hear us firſt:——
Theſe flags of France that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparations for a bloody ſiege
And mercileſs proceeding, by theſe French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawful king,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks)
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle;
And now, inſtead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words folded up in ſmoke,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your king, whoſe labour'd ſpirits,
Fore-weary'd in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.
K. Phil. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.

Lo! in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owns it, namely, this young prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a bleſſed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſs your proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder † of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war,
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, ſhall your city call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes;

† *i. e.* circle.

Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of England's breed—
Faulc. (Baſtards, and elſe.)
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe——
Faulc. (Some baſtards too.)
K. Phil. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
Cit. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phil. Amen, amen.——Mount, chevaliers, to arms!
Faulc. Saint George, that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your lioneſs,
I'd ſet an oxhead to your lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.—— [*To* Auſtria.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth,
In beſt appointment, all our regiments.
Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.
K. Phil. It ſhall be ſo—and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

After excurſions, enter the herald of France, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. Ye men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſons ly ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground;
And many a widow's huſband grovelling lyes,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
While victory with little loſs doth play

Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter Engliſh *herald with trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, ye men of Angiers; ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in Frenchmen's blood.
There ſtuck no plume in any Engliſh creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of France.
Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, come
Our luſty Engliſh, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the onſet and retire
Of both your armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows,
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

SCENE V.

Enter the two Kings, with their powers, at ſeveral doors.

K. John. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erſwell,
With courſe diſturb'd, ev'n thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.

K. Philip. England, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
In this hot trial more than we of France;
Rather loſt more: and by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our juſt-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the ſcroul, that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Faulc. Ha! Majeſty,—how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is ſet on fire!
Oh! now doth Death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd diff'rences of kings.
Why ſtand theſe royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, kings, back to the ſtained field.
You equal potents, fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. John. Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?

K. Philip. Speak, citizens for England, who's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Philip. Know him in us that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater pow'r than ye denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates.
Kings are our fears,—until our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By Heav'n, the ſcroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious ſcenes, and acts of death.
Your royal preſences be rul'd by me;

Do like the mutines of Jeruſalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town.
By eaſt and weſt let France and England mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades,
Ev'n till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune ſhall cull forth,
Out of one ſide, her happy minion,
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty ſtates?
Smacks it not ſomething of the policy?

K. John. Now by the ſky, that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, ſhall we knit our pow'rs,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who ſhall be king of it?

Faulc. And if thou haſt the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcy walls;
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourſelves for heav'n or hell.

K. Philip. Let it be ſo; ſay, where will you aſſault?

K. John. We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this city's boſom.

Auſt. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder from the ſouth
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent diſcipline! from north to ſouth;
Auſtria and France ſhoot in each other's mouth.
I'll ſtir them to it; come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without ſtroke or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field;
Perſever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is near to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious, ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way compleat:
If not compleat, oh ſay, he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, (to name want),
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he.
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a ſhe;
And ſhe a fair divided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lyes in him.
Oh! two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controuling bounds ſhall you be, kings,
To theſe two princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt-cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions ſo confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death himſelf,
In mortal fury, half ſo peremptory,

As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoak and bounce,
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of France;
Zounds! I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our neice a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no ſun to ripe
The bloom that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark how they whiſper: urge them, while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition;
Leſt zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity and remorſe
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Philip. Speak, England, firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this city: what ſay you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*,
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a queen.
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this city now by us beſieg'd,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich

In titles, honours, and promotions;
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princeſs of the world.

K. Philip. What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my Lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;
The ſhadow of myſelf form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a ſun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow.
I do proteſt, I never lov'd myſelf,
Till now, infixed, I beheld myſelf,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.
[*Whiſpering with* Blanch.

Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpie
Himſelf love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a lout as he. [ſhould be,

Blanch. My uncle's will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I ſee in you,
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.

K. John. What ſay theſe young ones? what ſay you, my neice?

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin, can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, aſk me, if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volqueſſen, Touraine, Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, theſe five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand marks of Engliſh coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy ſon and daughter to join hands.

K. Philip. It likes us well; young Princes, cloſe your hands.

Auſt. And your lips too; for I am well aſſur'd
That I did ſo when I was firſt aſſur'd.

K. Philip. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at St Mary's chapel preſently
The rites of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the Lady Conſtance in this troop?
I know ſhe is not; for this match made up
Her preſence would have interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſs' tent.

K. Philip. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her ſadneſs very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? in her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Conſtance;
Some ſpeedy meſſenger bid her repair
To our ſolemnity: I truſt we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfy her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but* Faulconbridge.

SCENE VI.

Faulc. Mad world, mad kings, mad compoſition!

John, to ſtop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whoſe armour conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier, rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commo-
dity,—
Commodity, the biaſs of the world,
The world, which of itſelf is poiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing biaſs,
This ſway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame biaſs, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile concluded peace.——
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no vice but beggarry.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French *King's Pavilion.*

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, *and* Saliſbury.

Conſtance.

GOne to be married! gone to ſwear a peace!
False blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well adviſ'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſs'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears.
And tho' thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vex'd ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſighs confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,

As doth the fury of two desp'rate men,
Which in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friends with England! what becomes of me?
Fellow, begone, I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good Lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, mother, be content;

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slander'ous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and to John;
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave these woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam;
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For Grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble: for my grief's so great,

That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up. Here I and ſorrow ſit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*Sits down on the floor.*

SCENE II.

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, *and* Auſtria.

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in France ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt;
Turning with ſplendor of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it but a holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not an holy-day.——
[*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letter ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But on this day, let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſehood change!

K. Phil. By Heaven, Lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling majeſty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn;
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood,
But now in arms you ſtrengthen it with yours *.

* I am afraid here is a clinch intended; *You came* in war *to deſtroy mine enemies, but now you ſtrengthen them* in embraces. *Johnſon.*

The grapling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, againſt theſe perjur'd kings:
A widow cries, be huſband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere ſun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd kings.
Hear me, oh, hear me!

Auſt. Lady Conſtance, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges, O Auſtria! thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. O that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on thy recreant limbs.

Auſt. Methinks that Richard's pride and Rich-
Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir. [ard's fall

Faulc. What words are theſe? how do my ſinews
My father's foe clad in my father's ſpoil! [ſhake!
How doth Alecto whiſper in my ears,
"Delay not, Richard, kill the villain ſtrait;
"Diſrobe him of the matchleſs monument,
"Thy father's triumph o'er the ſavages."——
Now by this ſoul I ſwear, my father's ſoul,

Twice will I not review the morning's riſe,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
And ſplit thy heart for wearing it ſo long.

K. John. We like not this; thou doſt forget thyſelf.

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulpho.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heav'n!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is;
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, choſen archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, from that holy ſee?
This in our 'foreſaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories *
Can taſk the free breath of a ſacred king?
Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But we as under Heav'n are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great ſupremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' aſſiſtance of a mortal hand.
So tell the pope, all rev'rence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaſpheme in this.

K. John. Tho' you, and all the kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſsly by this meddling prieſt,

* This muſt have been, at the time when it was written, in our ſtruggles with popery, a very captivating ſcene. *Johnſon.*

Dreading the curſe that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſells pardon from himſelf:
Tho' you, and all the reſt ſo groſsly led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curs'd, and excommunicate;
And bleſſed ſhall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canoniz'd and worſhip'd as a ſaint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.

Conſt. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curſe a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,
To my keen curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, Lady, for my curſe.

Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raiſe the pow'r of France upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to Rome.

Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul.——

Auſt. King Philip, liſten to the cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on his recreant limbs.

Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe——

Faulc. Your breeches beſt may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what ſay'ſt thou to the cardinal?
Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the cardinal?
Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavy curſe from Rome,
Or the light loſs of England for a friend;
Forgo the eaſier.
Blanch. That's the curſe of Rome.
Conſt. Lewis, ſtand faſt; the devil tempts thee here
In likeneſs of a new and trimmed bride.
Blanch. The Lady Conſtance ſpeaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.
Auſt. Do ſo, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's-ſkin, moſt ſweet lout.
K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to ſay.
Pand. What canſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate and curs'd?
K. Phil. Good rev'rend father, make my perſon yours;
And tell me how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows.
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal ſelves.
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows they were beſmear'd and overſtain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint

The fearful diff'rence of incenſed kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo, jeſt with Heav'n?
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm?
Unſwear faith ſworn, and on our marriage-bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order, and we ſhall be bleſs'd
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.

K. Phil. I may diſjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſett'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to Heav'n, firſt be to Heav'n perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf;
And may not be performed by thyſelf.
For that which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is't not amiſs, when it is truly done?
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is to miſtake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſehood falſehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,

But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath. The truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf.
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off;
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calve's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O huſband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new
Is huſband in my mouth?) ev'n for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heav'n.

Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; what motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?

Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,

His honour. Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!——

Lewis. I muſe your Majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou ſhalt not need. England, I'll fall from thee.

Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd majeſty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconſtancy!

K. John. France, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

Faulc. Old time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France ſhall rue.

Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Huſband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lyes.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together.
[*Exit* Faulconbridge.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage whoſe heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt-valu'd blood of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thyſelf, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms, let's hie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms, excurſions. Enter Faulconbridge, *with* Auſtria's *head.*

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the ſky,
And pours down miſchief. Auſtria's head lye there.—
Thus hath King Richard's ſon perform'd his vow,
And offer'd Auſtria's blood for ſacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living ſoul.

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. John. There, Hubert, keep this boy. Richard, make up;
My mother is aſſailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My Lord, I reſcu'd her:
Her Highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not.
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alarms, excurſions, retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, *and Lords.*

K. John. So ſhall it be—your Grace ſhall ſtay behind. [*To* Elinor.
So ſtrongly guarded—couſin, look not ſad; [*To* Arthur,
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Couſin, away for England; haſte before; [*To* Faulconbridge.
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; their impriſon'd angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Muſt by the hungry now * be fed upon.
Uſe our commiſſion in its utmoſt force.
Faulc. Bell, book, and candle † ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver beck me to come on.
I leave your Highneſs—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.
Eli. Farewell, my gentle couſin.
K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit* Faulc.
Eli. Come hither, little kinſman;—hark a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the ſtage.*
K. John. To Hubert *on the other ſide.*] Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much. Within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I'm almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
K. John. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,——
But thou ſhalt have—and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay—but let it go:
The ſun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,

* Dr Warburton reads, *Muſt by the hungry* war *be fed upon.*

† In an account of the Romiſh curſe given by Dr Gray, it appears that three candles were extinguiſhed, one by one, in different parts of the execration. *Johnſon.*

And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot laughter keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment,
(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes);
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not——yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heav'n I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'ſt?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My Lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He ſhall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee.
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee;
Remember:——Madam, fare you well.
[*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll ſend thoſe pow'rs o'er to your Majeſty.

Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!

K. John. For England, couſin, go.
Hubert ſhall be your man, t' attend on you
With all true duty. On, toward Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the French *Court.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho *and Attendants.*

K. Philip. So, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole Armada of collected ſail
Is ſcatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet go well.
K. Philip. What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? is not Angiers loſt?
Arthur ta'en pris'ner? divers dear friends ſlain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpite of France?
Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temp'rate order in ſo fierce a courſe,
Doth want example; who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Philip. Well could I bear that England had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter Conſtance.

Look who comes here? a grave unto a ſoul,
Holding th' eternal ſpirit 'gainſt her will
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath.
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Conſt. Lo, now, now ſee the iſſue of your peace.
K. Philip. Patience, good lady; comfort, gentle Conſtance.
Conſt. No, I defy all counſel and redreſs,
But that which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, death. Oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench, ſound rottenneſs,
Ariſe forth from thy couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity;
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold worms;

And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſom duſt,
And be a carrion monſter, like thyſelf:
Come grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And kiſs thee as thy wife. Miſery's love,
O come to me!

K. Philip. O fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rouze from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And ſcorns a modern † invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Conſt. Thou art not holy to belie me ſo;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Conſtance, I was Geffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to Heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like, I ſhould forget myſelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

K. Philip. Bind up thoſe treſſes. O, what love I [note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs:
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thouſand wirey friends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Conſt. To England, if you will.——

K. Philip. Bind up your hairs.

† We ſhould undoubtedly read,
And ſcorns a mother's *invocation.* Reviſal.

Conſt. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have given theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds;
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner.
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heav'n:
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again.
For ſince the birth of Cain, the firſt male child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die: and, riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heav'n
I ſhall not know him; therefore never, never,
Muſt I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.

Conſt. He talks to me, that never had a ſon.——

K. Philip. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child,
Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. Philip. I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man.
A bitter ſhame hath ſpoil'd the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Ev'n in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
On their departure moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?
Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much king John hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are you not griev'd that Arthur is his priſoner?
Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetic ſpirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne: and therefore mark.
John hath ſeiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd John ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of reſt.
A ſceptre, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.
That John may ſtand, then Arthur needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.
Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you:
For he that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No nat'ral exhalation in the ſky,
No 'ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away its nat'ral cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
Abortives, and preſages, tongues of heav'n
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers'-ends of John.
Methinks I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And O what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!—The baſtard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand Engliſh to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent.
Now that their ſouls are top-full of offence,
For England go: I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong reaſon makes ſtrong actions; let us go;
If you ſay *ay*, the King will not ſay *no*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to England.

A Priſon.

Enter Hubert *and Executioners.*

Hubert.

HEat me theſe irons hot, and look thou ſtand
Within the arras: when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth,
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you; look to't—
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince) as may be.——You are ſad.
Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body ſhould be ſad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So were I out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be merry as the day is long:
And ſo I would be here, but that, I doubt,
My uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's ſon?
Indeed it is not; and I would to Heav'n
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*

Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In ſooth I wou'd you were a little ſick,
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young Arthur.—— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*
Turning diſpiteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me);
And I did never aſk it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a Prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an' if you will.
If Heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then you muſt—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes that never did, nor never ſhall
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itſelf, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more-ſtubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd a tongue but Hubert's.

[Hubert *ſtamps, and the men enter.*

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you.

Arth. O ſave me, Hubert, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For Heav'n's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert—drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily;
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O Heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe;
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.——

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extremes; ſee elſe yourſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn; and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert. All this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu.
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports:
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Saliſbury *and other Lords.*

K. John. Here once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.
Pemb. This once again, but that your Highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.
Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
To guard * a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmoothe the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.
Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the laſt repeating troubleſome,
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.
Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights conſideration;
Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.
Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their ſkill in covetouſneſs †;

* To *guard*, is to *fringe*.

† *i. e.* not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intenſe deſire of excelling. *Theobald.*

And oftentimes excuſing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe:
As patches, ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the fault *,
Than did the fault * before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel; but it pleas'd your Highneſs
To over-bear it: and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muſt make a ſtand at what your Highneſs will.

K. John. Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſs'd you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: mean time, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe,
To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,
Both for myſelf and them, but chief of all,
Your ſafety, for the which myſelf and they
Bend their beſt ſtudies, heartily requeſt
Th' infranchiſement of Arthur; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why ſhou'd your fears (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us aſk his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further aſk,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal that he have liberty.

K. John. Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth

* We ſhould read *flaw* in both places. *Warburton.*

Enter Hubert.

To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhew the mood of a much-troubled breaſt;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles ſet:
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone and dead.
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ſickneſs was paſt cure.

Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick.
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis ſhame
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and ſo farewell!

Pemb. Stay yet, Lord Saliſbury; I'll go with thee.
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which own'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death——

Enter a Meſſenger.

A fearful eye thou haſt; where is that blood,
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather. How goes all in France?

Meſ. From France to England *. Never ſuch a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in France,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſ. My liege, her ear
Is ſtop'd with duſt: the firſt of April dy'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady Conſtance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from Rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or falſe, I know not.

K. John. With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful Occaſion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers.—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in France?
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Meſ. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings.

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

* The king aſks *how all goes in France*; the meſſenger catches the word *goes*, and anſwers, that *whatever* is in France *goes* now *into* England. *Johnſon.*

Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.
Faulc. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But as I travell'd hither thro' the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſy'd;
Poſſeſs'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear;
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Aſcenſion-day at noon,
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didſt thou ſo?
Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.
K. John. Hubert, away with him, impriſon him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.——
[*Exit* Hubert, *with* Peter.
O my gentle couſin,
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Faulc. The French, my Lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Saliſbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they ſay, is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.
K. John. Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thyſelf into their company.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Faulc. I will ſeek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot before.
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion.
Be Mercury, ſet feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.
Faulc. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed.
[*Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.
Meſ. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!

SCENE IV.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they ſay five moons were ſeen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.
K. John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear.
And he that ſpeaks doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
Whilſt he that hears makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with
theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not
provoke me?
K. John. It is the curſe of kings, to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody houſe of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect.
Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.
K. John. Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heav'n
and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of means, to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death.
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a prince.
Hub. My Lord———
K. John. Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made
a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin:
Yea, without ſtop, did'ſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act

The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.——
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My nobles leave me, and my ſtate is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conſcience and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies;
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haſte thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not, but to my cloſet bring
The angry Lords with all expedient haſte.
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street before a Priſon.

Enter Arthur *on the walls, diſguiſed.*

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.

If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and ſtay.
[*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heav'n take my ſoul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Saliſbury *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St Edmonſbury:
It is our ſafety; and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pemb. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France,
Whoſe private * with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more gen'ral than theſe lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey, Lords, or ere we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more, to-day, well met, diſtemper'd Lords;
The King, by me, requeſts your preſence ſtrait.
Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſs'd himſelf of us:
We will not line his thin, beſtained cloak
With our pure honours; nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return and tell him ſo; we know the worſt.
Faulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.
Faulc. But there is little reaſon in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reaſon you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: what is he lyes here?
[*Seeing* Arthur.
Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!——

* *i.e.* whoſe private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cauſe is much more ample than the letters. *Pope.*

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious, princely, for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almoſt think, altho' you ſee,
What you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt
Of Murder's arms; this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.
Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this;
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſins of time;
And prove a deadly blood-ſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.
Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of Hubert's hand,
The practice and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge.
Pemb. Bigot. Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.

SCENE VI.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.
Sal. O, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death.
—Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*Drawing his ſword.*
Faulc. Your ſword is bright, Sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murd'rer's ſkin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Saliſbury; ſtand back, I ſay:
By Heav'n, I think my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.
Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Faulc. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, Faulconbridge.
Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Saliſbury.
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-iron,
That you ſhall think the devil is come from hell.
Bigot. What will you do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.

Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without ſuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.
Away with me, all you whoſe ſouls abhor
Th' uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.

Bigot. Away tow'rd Bury, to the Dauphin there.

Pemb. There, tell the King he may enquire us out. [*Exeunt Lords.*

SCENE VII.

Faulc. Here's a good world. Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, if thou did'ſt this dead of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd ſo black—nay, nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer,
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou did'ſt kill this child.

Hub. Upon my ſoul———

Faulc. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt threed
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb,
Will ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or wouldſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eaſy doſt thou take all England up!
From forth this morſel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heav'n; and England now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed intereſt of proud-ſwelling ſtate.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now pow'rs from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick, fall'n beaſt)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt! Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the king:
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And Heav'n itſelf doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pandulpho, *and Attendants.*

K. John.

THus I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand *, as holding of the Pope,
Your ſovereign greatneſs and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the French,

* The ſenſe ſeems to require that we ſhould read, "This from *my hand*," *i. e.* the crown, which the Cardinal at the ſame time re-delivers. *Reviſal.*

And from his Holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign royalty:
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſtred,
Or overthrow incurable inſues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war;
And make fair weather in your bluſt'ring land.
On this Aſcenſion-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Aſcenſion-day? did not the prophet
Say, that before Aſcenſion-day at noon
My crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, Heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But Dover-caſtle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty caſket, where the jewel life
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Faulc. So on my ſoul he did, for aught he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be ſaid! Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come ſo nigh.

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation parley and baſe truce
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd, ſilken wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread,
And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ord'ring of this preſent time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Dauphin's *Camp, at St* Edmondſbury.

Enter in arms Lewis, Saliſbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to theſe Lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the ſacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemn'd revolt;
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there,
Where honourable reſcue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Saliſbury.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That for the health and phyſic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice and confuſed wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the ſons and children of this iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger march
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? I muſt withdraw and weep,
Upon the ſpot of this inforced cauſe,
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What here?—O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,

Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
And grapple thee unto a pagan ſhore!
Where theſe two Chriſtian armies might combine
The bood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this;
And great affection wreſtling in thy boſom,
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect *!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhow'r blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heav'n
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Saliſbury,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm.
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes
That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feaſts,
Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſiping.
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity,
As Lewis himſelf; ſo, nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there methinks an angel ſpake!
Look where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heav'n,

* This *compulſion* was the neceſſity of a reformation in the ſtate; which, according to Saliſbury's opinion, (who, in his ſpeech preceding, calls it an *enforced cauſe*), could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave reſpect* was the love of his country. *Warburton.*

And on our actions ſet the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to Rome; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy church,
The great metropolis and ſee of Rome.
Therefore thy threatning colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may ly gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Lewis. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a ſecondary at controul;
Or uſeful ſervant-man, and inſtrument
To any ſovereign ſtate throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chaſtis'd kingdom and myſelf,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with int'reſt to this land;
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart:
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine:
And now it is half conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's ſlave? what penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition ſent,
To underprop this action? is't not I
That undergo this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſy match, play'd for a crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded ſet?

No, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lewis. Outſide or inſide, I will not return,
Till my attempt ſo much be glorify'd,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world,
To out-look conqueſt, and to win renown
Ev'n in the jaws of danger and of death.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

SCENE IV.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience. I am ſent to ſpeak,
My holy Lord of Milan, from the King:
I come to learn how you have dealt for him:
And as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well. Now hear our Engliſh king;
For thus his royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd, and reaſon too he ſhould.
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd maſk, and unadviſed revel,
This unhair'd * ſaucineſs and boviſh troops,
The King doth ſmile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, ev'n at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable planks;
To ly, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To herd with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out

* *i.e. unbearded* ſaucineſs. *Theobald.*

In vaults and priſons; and to thrill and ſhake
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Engliſhman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No; know the gallant Monarch is in arms,
And like an eagle o'er his aiery tow'rs,
To ſouſe annoyance that comes near his neſt.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Nero's, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, bluſh for ſhame.
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canſt outſcold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faulc. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums being beaten will cry
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten. Do but ſtart [out;
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not truſting to this halting legat here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death; whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou ſhalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms. Enter King John *and* Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? Oh, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?

K. John. This fever that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heavy on me. Oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, your valiant kinſman, Faulconbridge,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field,
And ſend him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, tow'rd Swinſtead, to the abbey there.

Meſ. Be of good comfort; for the great ſupply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin ſands.
This news was brought to Richard but ev'n now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd Swinſtead; to my litter ſtrait;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the French *Camp.*

Enter Saliſbury, Pembroke, *and* Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the French;
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.

Sal. That miſbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They ſay, King John, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, *wounded.*

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pemb. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Melun. Fly, noble Engliſh, you are bought and ſold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion *,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet:
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompenſe the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmondſbury;
Ev'n on that altar where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.
Sal May this be poſſible! may this be true!
Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Reſolveth from its figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is foreſworn, if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day-break in the eaſt.
But ev'n this night, whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmokes about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,
Ev'n this ill night your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides,
(For that my grandſire was an Engliſhman)
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.

* Untread *the rude* way *of rebellion.* Theobald.

In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field,
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my ſoul
With contemplation and devout deſires.

Sal. We do believe thee; and beſhrew my ſoul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Pight in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight,
And happy newneſs, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

SCENE VII.

Changes to a different part of the French *Camp.*

Enter Lewis, *and his Train.*

Lewis. The ſun of heav'n, methought, was loth to ſet;
But ſtaid, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh,
When th' Engliſh meaſur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night,
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it!——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lewis. Here. What news?

Meſ. The Count Melun is ſlain; the Engliſh lords,
By his perſuaſion, are again fall'n off;
And your ſupply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,

Are caſt away, and ſunk on Goodwin ſands.
Lewis. Ah foul ſhrewd news! Beſhrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be ſo ſad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that ſaid
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?
Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true, my Lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Faulconbridge *and* Hubert *ſeverally.*

Hub. Who's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.
Faulc. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Faulc. And whither doſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?
Faulc. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought.
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well.
Who art thou?
Faulc. Who thou wilt; and, if thou pleaſe,
Thou may'ſt befriend me ſo much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeleſs night
Have done me ſhame. Brave ſoldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from my tongue,
Should 'ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Faulc. Come, come; *ſans compliment*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?
Hub. O my ſweet Sir, news fitted to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.
Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.
Hub. The King, I fear, is poiſon'd by a monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.
Faulc. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out. The King
Yet ſpeaks; and, peradventure, may recover.
Faulc. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the Lords are all
come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty?
Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty
Heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my pow'rs this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide;
Theſe Lincoln-waſhes have devoured them:
Myſelf, well-mounted, hardly have eſcaped.
Away before. Conduct me to the King;
I doubt he will be dead or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Orchard in Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Prince Henry, Saliſbury *and* Bigot.

Henry. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoul's frail dwelling-houſe,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon which aſſaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he ſtill rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

Henry. O vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them inſenſible: his ſiege is now
Againſt the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing.——
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint ſwain,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

King John *brought in.*

K John. Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt.
I am a ſcribled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majeſty?

K. John. Poiſon'd. Ill fare! dead, forſook, caſt off;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe

Through my burn'd boſom; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aſk you much;
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you?

K. John. The ſalt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

SCENE X.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh! I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty.

K. John. Oh! couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye.
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the ſhrowds, wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair;
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, Heav'n he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him;
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Waſhes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear.
My Liege! my Lord!——But now a King——now thus.

Henry. Ev'n ſo muſt I run on, and ev'n ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Faulc. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.

Now, now, you ſtars, that move in your bright ſpheres,
Where be your pow'rs? ſhew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction and perpetual ſhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Strait let us ſeek, or ſtrait we ſhall be ſought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It ſeems you know not then ſo much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Ourſelves well ſinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the ſea-ſide, and put his cauſe and quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinal,
With whom yourſelf, myſelf, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will poſt
To conſummate this buſineſs happily.

Faulc. Let it be ſo; and you, my noble Prince,
With other princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Henry. At Worceſter muſt his body be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal ſtate and glory of the land!
To whom with all ſubmiſſion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices,
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.

Henry. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.

This England never did, nor never ſhall
Ly at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them!——Nought ſhall make
us rue,
If England to itſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt omnes**.

* The tragedy of King John, though not written with the utmoſt power of Shakeſpeare, is varied with a very pleaſing interchange of incidents and characters. The Lady's grief is very affecting, and the character of the Baſtard contains that mixture of greatneſs and lenity which this author delighted to exhibit. *Johnſon.*

THE LIFE and DEATH OF RICHARD THE SECOND.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING RICHARD the Second.
Duke of York, } Uncles to the
JOHN of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, } King.
BOLINGBROKE, Son to John of Gaunt, afterwards King Henry the Fourth.
AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York.
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Lord Berkley.
BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } Servants to King Richard.
GREEN, }
Earl of Northumberland.
PERCY, Son to Northumberland.
ROSS.
WILLOUGHBY.
Biſhop of Carliſle.
Sir STEPHEN SCROOP.
FITZWATER.
SURRY.
Abbot of Weſtminſter.
Sir PIERCE of Exton.

Queen to King Richard.
Ducheſs of Glouceſter.
Ducheſs of York.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardeners, Keeper, Meſſenger, Groom and other Attendants.

SCENE, *diſperſedly, in ſeveral Parts of* England.

The LIFE and DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter King Richard, John *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

King Richard.

OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaſter,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſt'rous late appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my Liege.

K Rich. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal * the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argu-
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him [ment,
Aim'd at your Highneſs; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow. Ourſelves will hear
Th' accuſer and th' accuſed freely ſpeak.—
High-ſtomach'd are they both, and full of ire;
In rage deaf as the ſea; haſty as fire.

* *i. e.* call, demand, challenge, from *appello. Pope.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious Sovereign, my moſt loving Liege!
Mowb. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, t' appeal each other of high treaſon.
Couſin of Hereford, what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. Firſt (Heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a ſubject's love,
Tend'ring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.
—Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the ſky,
The uglier ſeem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name ſtuff I thy throat;
And wiſh, ſo pleaſe my Sov'reign, ere I move
What my tongue ſpeaks, my right-drawn ſword may prove.
Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal;
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſh'd, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt, the fair rev'rence of your Highneſs curbs me
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd

Theſe terms of treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I do defy him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him a ſland'rous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable *,
Where never Engliſhman durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty;
By all my hopes, moſt falſely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there throw I my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a king,
And lay aſide my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop;
By that, and all the rights of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our couſin ſay to Mowbray's charge?
It muſt be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him

Boling. Look, what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true;
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highneſs' ſoldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lew'd employments,
Like a falſe traitor and injurious villain.
Beſides, I ſay, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by Engliſh eye,

* That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable.* Johnſon.

That all the treaſons for theſe eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from falſe Mowbray their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Glouceſter's death;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;
And conſequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluic'd out his inn'cent ſoul through ſtreams of blood;
Which blood, like ſacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me for juſtice and rough chaſtiſement.
And by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my ſovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this ſlander of his blood,
How God and good men hate ſo foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he our brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but our father's brother's ſon,
Now by my ſceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th' unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul.
He is our ſubject, Mowbray, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech, and fearleſs, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Diſburs'd I to his Highneſs' ſoldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my ſovereign Liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now ſwallow down that lie.—For Glouceſter's death,
I ſlew him not; but, to mine own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.
For you, my noble lord of Lancaſter,
The honourable father to my foe,

Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life;
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul;
But ere I laſt receiv'd the ſacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon; and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degen'rate traitor;
Which in myſelf I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot;
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſs to aſſign our trial-day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me,
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age;
Throw down, my ſon, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mowb. Myſelf I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Deſpight of death, that lives upon my grave,
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear:
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.

K. Rich. Rage muſt be withſtood.

Give me his gage. Lions make leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their ſpots. Take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, Heav'n defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſt-fall'n in my father's ſight,
Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive * of recanting fear,
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, ev'n in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command;
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At Coventry upon Saint Lambert's day.
There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling diff'rence of your ſettled hate.
Since we cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide the victor's chivalry.
Lord Marſhal, bid our officers at arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

* *Motive*, for inſtrument. *Warb.*
Rather that which fear puts in motion. *Johnſ.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Duke of Lancaſter's *Palace.*

Enter Gaunt *and Ducheſs of* Glouceſter.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Glo'ſter's blood
Doth more ſollicit me than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heav'n;
Who when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſev'n ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
Were as ſev'n vials of his ſacred blood;
Or ſev'n fair branches, ſpringing from one root:
Some of theſe ſev'n are dry'd by nature's courſe;
Some of thoſe branches by the deſt'nies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Glo'ſter,
One vial, full of Edward's ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hack'd down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By Envy's hand and Murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him: thou doſt conſent,
In ſome large meaſure, to thy father's death;
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life:
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is deſpair.
In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we intitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardiſe in noble breaſts.

What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,
The beſt way is to 'venge my Glo'ſter's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's ſubſtitute,
His deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let God revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his miniſter.

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myſelf?

Gaunt. To Heav'n, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will: farewell, old Gaunt,
Thou go'ſt to Coventry, there to behold [farewell.
Our Couſin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, ſit my huſband's wrongs on Hereford's ſpear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breaſt!
Or, if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be Mowbray's ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caitiff recreant to my couſin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy ſometime brother's wife,
With her companion, grief, muſt end her life.

Gaunt. Siſter, farewell; I muſt to Coventry.
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more—grief boundeth where
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight: [it falls,
I take my leave before I have begun;
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York:
Lo, this is all——nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more. Bid him——oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old York ſee there
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me,—let him not come there
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where;
All deſolate, will I from hence, and die;
The laſt leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Liſts, at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marſhal, and Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, ſprightfully and bold,
Stays but the ſummons of th' appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then the champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Majeſty's approach. [*Flouriſh.*

The trumpets ſound, and the King enters with Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot *and others: when they are ſet. Enter the Duke of* Norfolk *in armour.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, demand of yonder champion
The cauſe of his arrival here in arms;
Aſk him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the juſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In God's name and the King's, ſay who thou art? [*To* Mowbray.
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in arms?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truely on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
And ſo defend thee Heaven, and thy valour!
Mowb. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which Heav'n defend a knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and his ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Hereford, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myſelf,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heav'n!

The trumpets ſound. Enter Bolingbroke, *appellant, in armour.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, aſk yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal liſts? [*To* Boling.
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, ſo defend thee Heav'n!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Am I, who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by Heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
In liſts, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heav'n!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Marſhal, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.

Boling. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my Sovereign's [hand,
And bow my knee before his Majeſty:
For Mowbray and myſelf are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. Th' appellant in all duty greets your Highneſs, [*To K.* Rich.
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will deſcend and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of Hereford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell my blood, which if to-day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's ſpear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My loving Lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble couſin, Lord Aumerle.
Not ſick, although I have to do with death;
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing breath.——
Lo, as at Engliſh feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood, [*To* Gaunt.
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me degenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy bleſſings ſteel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbiſh new the name of John o' Gaunt,
Ev'n in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous!
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caſque
Of thy adverſe pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be brave, and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, God and St George to thrive!

Mowb. However Heav'n or fortune caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, juſt, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle with mine adverſary.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years;
As gentle and as jocund, as to jeſt,
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breaſt.

K. Rich. Farewell, my Lord; ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, Marſhal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Receive thy lance, and Heav'n defend thy right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry, *Amen.*

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas Duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his ſovereign, and himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
To God, his ſovereign, and to him, diſloyal:
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignal to begin.

[*A charge ſounded.*

Mar. Sound trumpets; and ſet forward, combatants.
—But ſtay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their ſpears,
And both return back to their chairs again.
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe Dukes what we decree.

[*A long flouriſh; after which the King ſpeaks to the combatants.*

Draw near; ——
And liſt what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood which it hath foſtered;
And, for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour ſwords;
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy ſet you on,
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep,]
Which thus rouz'd up with boiſt'rous untun'd drums,
And harſh-reſounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,

And make us wade even in our country's blood:
Therefore we baniſh you our territories.
You, couſin Hereford, on pain of death,
Till twice five ſummers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.

Boling. Your will be done. This muſt my comfort be,
That ſun that warms you here ſhall ſhine on me;
And thoſe his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce;
The fly-ſlow hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeleſs word, of *never to return*,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy ſentence, my moſt ſov'reign Liege,
And all unlook'd-for from your Highneſs' mouth.
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a main,
As to be caſt forth in the open air,
Have I deſerved at your Highneſs' hands.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native Engliſh, now I muſt forego;
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more
Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp,
Or like a cunning inſtrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my goaler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy ſentence then but ſpeechleſs death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate;
After our ſentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal ſword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to Heav'n,
(Our part therein we baniſh with yourſelves),
To keep the oath that we adminiſter.
You never ſhall, ſo help you truth and Heav'n!
Embrace each other's love in baniſhment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face,
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This low'ring tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt us, our ſtate, our ſubjects, or our land.

Boling. I ſwear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk,—ſo far as to mine enemy——
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wander'd in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this land.
Confeſs thy treaſons ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty ſoul.

Mowb. No, Bolingbroke, if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd as from hence!
But what thou art, Heav'n, thou, and I do know;
And all too ſoon, I fear, the King ſhall rue.
Farewell, my Liege. Now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to England; all the world's my way.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

K. Rich. Uncle, ev'n in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart; thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away.——Six frozen winters ſpent,
[*To* Boling.
Return with welcome home from baniſhment.

Boling. How long a time lyes in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton ſprings,
End in a word; ſuch is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that, in regard of me,

He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little 'vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For ere the ſix years that he hath to ſpend
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endleſs night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

K. Rich. Why, uncle? thou haſt many years to live

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canſt give;
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to low'r?

Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſow'r.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmoothe his fault I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will to do myſelf this wrong.
A partial * ſlander ſought I to avoid,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroy'd.

K. Rich. Couſin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him ſo:
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Aum. Couſin, farewell; what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.

* That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. Johnſon.

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.
Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Boling. My heart will ſigh when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home return.
Boling. Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious ſtride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long apprentice-hood
To foreign paſſages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boaſt of nothing elſe
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heav'n viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the King did baniſh thee;
But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To ly that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds muſicians;

The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs fair ladies; and thy ſteps no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance.
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſs pow'r to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.
Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtic ſummer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way;
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Boling. Then England's ground farewell; ſweet ſoil adieu,
My mother and my nurſe, which bears me yet.
Where'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born Engliſhman.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Court.

Enter King Richard, *and* Bagot, *&c. at one door; and the Lord* Aumerle, *at the other.*

K. Rich. We did, indeed, obſerve——Couſin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And ſay what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?
Aum. 'Faith, none by me; except the north-eaſt wind,
(Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces)
Awak'd the ſleepy rheum; and ſo by chance

Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What ſaid your couſin when you parted with him?

Aum. *Farewell.*

And for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word *farewell* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewells;
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our kinſman, couſin; but 'tis doubt
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Our ſelf and Buſhy, Bagot, here, and Green,
Obſerv'd his courtſhip to the common people;
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſy;
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves,
Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God ſpeed him well!
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee;
With——Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends——
As were our England in reverſion his,
And he our ſubjects next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.——
Now for the rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage muſt be made, my Liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highneſs' loſs.

K. Rich. We will our ſelf in perſon to this war;
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberal largeſs, are grown ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm,

The revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand; if they come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters,
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

K. Rich. Buſhy, what news?
Buſhy. Old John of Gaunt is ſick, my Lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt-haſte
T' intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.
K. Rich. Where lyes he?
Buſhy. At Ely-houſe.
K. Rich. Now put it, Heav'n, in his phyſician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately.
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe Iriſh wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray Heav'n we may make haſte, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Ely-Houſe.

Gaunt *brought in ſick; with the Duke of* York.

Gaunt.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth?
York. Vex not yourſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.
Gaunt. Oh, but they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where words are ſcarce, they're ſeldom ſpent in vain:
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain,
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe;
More are mens' ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The ſetting ſun, and muſic in the cloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt.
Though Richard my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. His ear is ſtopt with other flatt'ring charms,
As praiſes of his State; there are, beſide,
Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venom'd ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy, apiſh nation
Limps after, in baſe aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile),
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where Will doth mutiny with Wit's regard*.
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chuſe;
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new-inſpir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him;
His raſh, fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves;
Small ſhow'rs laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder.
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf.
This royal throne of Kings, this ſcepter'd iſle,
This earth of majeſty, this ſeat of Mars,

* Where the will rebels againſt the notices of the underſtanding. *Johnſon.*

This other Eden, demy-paradiſe,
This fortreſs, built by Nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands;
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home
For Chriſtian ſervice and true chivalry †,
As is the ſepulchre in ſtubborn Jury
Of the world's ranſom, bleſſed Mary's Son;
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watry Neptune, is bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf.
Ah! would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

SCENE II.

Enter King Richard, *Queen*, Aumerle, Buſhy, Green, Bagot, Roſs, *and* Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth:
For young hot colts being rag'd, do rage the more.

† Perhaps the paſſage, which appears a little diſordered, may be regulated thus:

——————*royal Kings,*
Fear'd for their breed, and famous for *their birth,*
For Chriſtian ſervice, and true chivalry;
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
As is the ſepulchre, &c. Johnſon.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaſter?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my compoſition!
Old Gaunt, indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtains from meat that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time have I watch'd,
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt:
The pleaſure that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt; I mean, my childrens' looks;
And, therein faſting, thou haſt made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can ſick-men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter thoſe that live?
Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter thoſe that die.
K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, ſay'ſt thou flatter'ſt me.
Gaunt. Oh! no, thou dieſt, though I ſicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, he that made me, knows I ſee
Ill in myſelf, but ſeeing thee too, ill. [thee ill;
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than the land,
Wherein thou lyeſt in reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Giv'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians that firſt wounded thee.
A thouſand flatt'rers ſit within thy crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head,
And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
Thy waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.
Oh, had thy grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons;
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſs'd;
Who art poſſeſs'd now, to depoſe thyſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a ſhame to let this land by leaſe;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy ſtate of law is bondſlave to the law †;
And thou——

K. Rich. And thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood
With fury from his native reſidence.
Now by my ſeat's right-royal majeſty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's ſon,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, ſpare me not, my brother Edward's ſon,
For that I was his father Edward's ſon.
That blood already, like the Pelican,
Haſt thou tapt out, and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother Glo'ſter, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heav'n 'mongſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpects not ſpilling Edward's blood.
Join with the preſent ſickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age *,
To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out.*

† *i. e* by making thy condition *a ſtate of law*, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, *thou art become a bond-ſlave to the law*; thou haſt made thyſelf amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt. *Johnſ.*

* I ſuppoſe the poet dictated thus:

And thy unkindneſs be time's *crooked* edge
To crop at once——

That is, *let thy unkindneſs* be time's ſcythe *to crop.* Johnſ.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and ſullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.
York I do beſeech your Majeſty, impute
His words to wayward ſicklineſs and age.
He loves you, on my life; and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.
K. Rich. Right, you ſay true; as Hereford's love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be as it is.

SCENE III.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Majeſty.
K. Rich. What ſays old Gaunt?
North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid.
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.
York. Be York the next that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be.
So much for that.——Now for our Iriſh wars;
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,
Tow'rds our aſſiſtance we do ſeize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did ſtand poſſeſs'd.
York. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Glo'ſter's death, not Hereford's baniſhment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me ſow'r my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my ſov'reign's face.
I am the laſt of noble Edward's ſons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was firſt;

In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours.
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend; and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O my Liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſh'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt juſt, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomary rights;
Let not to-morrow then enſue to-day;
Be not thyſelf; for how art thou a king,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
If you do wrongfully ſeize Hereford's right,
Call in his letters patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head;
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York I'll not be by the while, my Liege, farewell:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell.

But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Go, Buſhy, to the Earl of Wiltſhire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-houſe,
To ſee this buſineſs done. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle York lord-governor of England,
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our Queen; to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exeunt King, Queen,* &c.

SCENE IV.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby *and* Roſs.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſs. And living too, for now his ſon is Duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.
Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be diſburden'd with a lib'ral tongue.
North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,
That ſpeaks thy words again to do thee harm.
Willo. Tends what you'd ſpeak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good tow'rds him.
Roſs. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unleſs you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore Heav'n, it's ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Roſs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And loſt their hearts; the nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, I wot not what:
But what o' God's name doth become of this?
North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That which his anceſtors atchiev'd with blows;
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.
Roſs. The Earl of Wiltſhire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and diſſolution hangeth over him.
Roſs. He hath not money for theſe Iriſh wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
North. His noble kinſman. Moſt degenerate king!
But, Lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſs. We ſee the very wreck that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For ſuff'ring ſo the cauſes of our wreck.
North. Not ſo; ev'n through the hollow eyes of death
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, Northumberland;
We three are but thyſelf, and ſpeaking ſo
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, my friends. I have from Port le Blanc,
A bay in Bretagne, had intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Rainald Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbiſhop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Rainſton,

Sir John Norberie, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Coines,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore;
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemiſh'd crown,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our ſceptre's gilt,
And make high majeſty look like itſelf,
Away with me in poſt to Ravenſpurg;
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and myſelf will go.

Roſs. To horſe, to horſe: urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Court.

Enter Queen, Buſhy, *and* Bagot.

Buſhy. Madam, your Majeſty is much too ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the King I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief,
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet Richard. Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward ſoul
With nothing trembles, at ſomething it grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:

For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects:
Like perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.——So your ſweet Majeſty,
Looking awry upon your Lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your Lord's departure; more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me otherwiſe. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy-ſad,
As though, on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs; conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

SCENE VI.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope he is:
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driv'n into deſpair an enemy's hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land.
The baniſh'd Bolingbroke repeals himſelf;
And with uplifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At Ravenſpurg.

Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!
Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The Lord Northumberland, his young ſon Percy,
The Lords of Roſs, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.
Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?
Green. We have; whereon the Earl of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his ſtewardſhip;
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To Bolingbroke
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke my ſorrow's diſmal heir.
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd.
Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.
Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger, in extremity.

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.
Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!
Uncle, for Heav'n's ſake, comfortable words.
York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould belie my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but croſſes, care, and grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.
Here am I left to underprop this land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport myſelf.

Now comes the ſick hour that his ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your ſon was gone before I came.
York. He was—why, ſo—go all, which way it will——
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's ſide.
Get thee to Plaſhie, to my ſiſter Glo'ſter;
Bid her ſend preſently a thouſand pound:
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day I came by, and call'd there;
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
York. What is't?
Serv. An hour before I came, the Ducheſs dy'd.
York. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do. I would to Heav'n,
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there poſts diſpatch'd for Ireland?
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?
Come, ſiſter; couſin, I would ſay; pray, pardon me.——
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide ſome carts,
[*To the Servant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.
—Gentlemen, will you go and muſter men?
If I know how to order theſe affairs,
Diſorderly thus thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. They are both my kinſmen;
The one my Sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again
My kinſman is, one whom the King hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do.—Come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you.—Go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Berkley caſtle—
I ſhould to Plaſhie too;——

But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.
[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.

SCENE VIII.

Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns; for us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.
Green. Beſides, our nearneſs to the King in love,
Is near the hate of thoſe love not the King.
Bagot. And that's the wav'ring Commons, for their love
Lyes in their purſes; and who empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Buſhy. Wherein the King ſtands generally condemn'd.
Bagot. If judgment ly in them, then ſo do we;
Becauſe we have been ever near the King.
Green. Well; I'll for refuge ſtraight to Briſtol caſtle;
The Earl of Wiltſhire is already there.
Buſhy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.
Will you go with us?
Bagot. No, I'll to Ireland to his Majeſty.
Farewell. If heart's preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.
Buſhy. That's as York thrives, to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor Duke! the taſk he undertakes
Is numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will fly.
Buſhy. Farewell at once, for once, for all and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to a wild Proſpect in Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland.

Boling. How far is it, my Lord, to Berkley now?
North. I am a ſtranger here in Glo'ſterſhire.
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearifome,
And yet your fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the highway ſweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From Ravenſpurg to Cotſhold will be found
In Roſs and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tediouſneſs and proceſs of my travel;
But theirs is ſweeten'd with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs;
And hope to joy is little leſs in joy
Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much leſs value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worceſter, whenceſoever.
—Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I thought, my Lord, t' have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queen?
Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The houſhold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd when laſt we ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to Ravenſpurg,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of Hereford;

And ſent me o'er by Berkley, to diſcover
What pow'r the Duke of York hath levy'd there;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenſpurg.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be ſure
I count myſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul remembring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? and what ſtir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy. There ſtands the caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords York, Berkley, Seymour;
None elſe of name and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſs *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Roſs and Willoughby,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my Lords; I wot your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble Lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks th' exchequer of the poor,
Which, 'till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I gueſs.
Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my meſſage is to you.
Boling. My Lord, my anſwer is to Lancaſter;
And I am come to ſeek that name in England,
And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.
Berk. Miſtake me not, my Lord; 'tis not my [meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come, (what lord you will),
From the moſt glorious of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time *,
And fright our native peace with ſelf-borne arms.

SCENE X.

Enter York.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in perſon. Noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*
York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy [knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.
Boling. My gracious uncle!
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:——
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have thoſe baniſh'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch the duſt of England's ground?
But more than why; why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed arms?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th' anointed King is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal boſom lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,

* *i. e.* of the time when the King is abſent. *Reviſal.*

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myſelf
Reſcu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand French;
Oh! then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſy, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault
Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?
York. Ev'n in condition of the worſt degree;
In groſs rebellion and deteſted treaſon.
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy Sovereign.
Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd Here-
But as I come, I come for Lancaſter. [ford;
And, noble uncle, I beſeech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.
You are my father; for, methinks, in you
I ſee old Gaunt alive: O then, my father!
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin King be King of England,
It muſt be granted I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſon, Aumerle, my noble kinſman:
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a ſubject,
And challenge law; attorneys are deny'd me,
And therefore perſonally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance of free deſcent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
Roſs. It ſtands your Grace upon to do him right.
Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feelings of my couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right.
But, in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath ſworn, his coming is
But for his own; and, for the right of that,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy that breaks that oath.

York Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my pow'r is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could. by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewell.
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we muſt win your Grace to go with us
To Briſtol-caſtle, which, they ſay, is held
By Buſhy, Bagot, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go. But yet I'll pauſe,
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes to me welcome you are;
Things paſt redreſs are now with me paſt care.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *

In Wales.

Enter Saliſbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. My Lord of Saliſbury, we have ſtaid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,

* This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the ſecond ſcene of the enſuing act, and there I

And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will diſperſe ourſelves. Farewell.

Saliſ. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welſhman:
The King repoſeth all his truſt in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead: we will not ſtay.
The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heav'n;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change.
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy;
Th' other, in hope t' enjoy by rage and war.
Theſe ſigns forerun the death of kings——
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd Richard their King is dead. [*Exit.*

Saliſ. Ah, Richard, ah! with eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy glory, like a ſhooting ſtar,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament.
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtorms to come, woe, and unreſt.
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes;
And croſsly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Briſtol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy, Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green *priſoners.*

Bolingbroke.

BRing forth theſe men ——
Buſhy and Green, I will not vex your ſouls.

would adviſe the reader to inſert it, though I have not ventured on ſo bold a change. My conjecture is not ſo preſumptuous as may be thought The play was not, in Shakeſpeare's time, broken into acts; the two editions publiſhed before his death exhibit only a ſequence of ſcenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pauſe of action. In a drama ſo deſultory and erratic, left in ſuch a ſtate, tranſpoſitions might eaſily be made. *Johnſon.*

(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have miſ-led a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd and diſfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours
Made a divorce between his Queen and him;
Broke the poſſeſſion of a royal bed,
And ſtain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrongs.
Myſelf, a prince, by fortune of my birth
Near to the King in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,
Have ſtoop'd my neck under your injuries;
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment,
While you have fed upon my ſignories,
Diſ-park'd my parks, and fell'd my foreſt-woods,
From mine own windows torn my houſehold coat *,
Raz'd out my impreſs, leaving me no ſign,
Save mens' opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
To execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.——Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that Heav'n will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, ſee them diſpatch'd.
—Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your houſe;

* It was the practice, when coloured glaſs was in uſe, of which there are ſtill ſome remains in old ſeats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the houſe. *Johnſon.*

For Heav'n's ſake, fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpecial care my greetings be deliver'd.
York. A gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my Lords, away,
[To fight with Glendower and his complices;]
A while to work; and, after, holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.*

Changes to the Coaſt of Wales.

Flouriſh: Drums and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly-caſtle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my good Lord; how brooks your Grace the air,
After your toſſing on the breaking ſeas?
K. Rich. Needs muſt I like it well. I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Tho' rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy Sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe;
But let thy ſpiders that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, ly in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies;
And, when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pry'thee, with a lurking adder;

* Here may be properly inſerted the laſt ſcene of the ſecond act. *Johnſon.*

Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy ſovereign's enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, Lords;
This earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native king
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

Biſhop. Fear not, my Lord; that Pow'r that made you king,
Hath pow'r to keep you king, in ſpite of all.
The means that Heaven yields muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected; elſe, if Heaven would,
And we would not Heav'n's offer, we refuſe
The profer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt Bolingbroke, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in power.

K. Rich. Diſcomfortable couſin, know'ſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe that * lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody, here.
But when from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole,
Then murders, treaſons and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne, the eaſt;
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath preſs'd,

* I ſhould read, and *lights the lower world.* Johnſon.

To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden crown,
Heav'n for his Richard hath in heav'nly pay
A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for Heav'n ſtill guards the right.

SCENE III.

Enter Saliſbury.

Welcome, my Lord, how far off lyes your power?
Saliſ. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak arm. Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair:
One day too late, I fear, my noble Lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
Oh, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men.
To-day, to-day,——unhappy day, too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy ſtate.
For all the Welſhmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, diſperſs'd and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace ſo pale?
K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.
And till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale and dead?
All ſouls that will be ſafe fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort, my Liege; remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myſelf. Am I not King?
Awake, thou coward Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt;
Is not the King's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm, my name; a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York
Hath pow'r to ſerve our turn. But who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!
K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd.
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care;
And what loſs is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry, woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I that your Highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonably ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, cov'ring your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy Majeſty; boys with women's voices
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy crown.
Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal ewe *, againſt thy ſtate.
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy ſeat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.

* Called ſo, becauſe the leaves of the ewe are poiſon, and the wood is employed for inſtruments of death. *Warburton.*

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?
If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they've made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my Lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart!
Three Judaſſes, each one thrice worſe than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſow'reſt and moſt deadly hate.
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands; thoſe whom you curſe
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying hand,
And ly full low, grav'd in the hollow'd ground.

Aum. Is Buſhy, Green, and th' Earl of Wiltſhire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Briſtol loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak;
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.

For Heav'n's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings;
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd;
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murder'd.——For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the Antic ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle-walls, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn rev'rence; throw away reſpect,
Tradition *, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but miſtook me all this while;
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taſte grief, need friends, like you; ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a king?

Carl. My Lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe;
And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf.
Fear and be ſlain; no worſe can come from fight;
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death:
Where fearing dying, pays death ſervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well; proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is overblown;
An eaſy taſk it is to win our own.

* Mr Roderick, in the canons of criticiſm, conjectures that our poet wrote *addition*, that is, honourable title.

Reviſal.

Say, Scroop, where lyes our uncle with his power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſowr.
Scroop. Men judge by the complection of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all our northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms.
Upon his faction.
K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To* Aumerle.
Of that ſweet way I was in to deſpair.
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By Heav'n, I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint-caſtle, there I'll pine away,
A king, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That pow'r I have, diſcharge; and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.
Aum. My Liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers; let them hence, away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Bolingbroke's *Camp near* Flint.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, *and Attendants.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welſhmen are diſpers'd; and Saliſbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends upon this coaſt.

North. The news is very fair and good, my Lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beſeem the Lord Northumberland,
To ſay, King Richard. Ah, the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head!
North. Your Grace miſtakes me; only to be brief
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head, the whole head's length.
Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, farther than you ſhould.
York. Take not, good couſin, farther than you ſhould.
Leſt you miſtake. The heav'ns are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppoſe myſelf
Againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this caſtle yield?
Percy. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Againſt your entrance.
Boling. Royally? why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good Lord,
It doth contain a king. King Richard lyes
Within the limits of yond lime and ſtone;
And with him Lord Aumerle, Lord Saliſbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, beſides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike, it is the biſhop of Carliſle.
Boling. Noble Lord, [*To* North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſound the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Henry of Bolingbroke upon his knees
Doth kiſs King Richard's hand, and ſends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal perſon.
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided that my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll uſe th' advantage of my pow'r,

And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhow'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen.
The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench [broke
The freſh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignify as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noiſe of threatning drum,
That from this caſtle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King Richard and myſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring ſhock,
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n:
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

SCENE VI.

Parle without, and anſwer within; then a flouriſh. Enter on the walls, King Richard, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop *and* Saliſbury.

York. See! ſee! King Richard doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun
From out the fiery portal of the Eaſt,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majeſty; alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To* North.
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful king;
And, if we be, how dare thy joints forget

To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our ſtewardſhip.
For well we know no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſceptre,
Unleſs he do profane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;
Yet know,——My Maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the glory of my precious Crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond, methinks, he is)
That every ſtride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treaſon. He is come to ope
The purple teſtament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown, he looks for, live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flow'r of England's face;
Change the complection of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation; and bedew
Her paſture's graſs with faithful Engliſh blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our Lord the king
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! no, thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry of Bolingbroke, doth kiſs thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon your royal grandſire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head,
And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid,
His coming hither hath no farther ſcope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to ruſt,

His barbed ſteeds to ſtables, and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a prince, is juſt;
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, ſay—Thus the King returns:
His noble couſin is right-welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
[*Exit* North.
We do debaſe ourſelf, couſin, do we not, [*To* Aum.
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.

K. Rich. Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of ſooth; oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it. Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: muſt he loſe
The name of King? o' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking ſtaff;

My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave;
A little, little grave;—an obſcure grave;
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's high way,
Some way of common trade, where ſubjects' feet
May hourly trample on their ſovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt; my tender-hearted couſin!
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match, with ſhedding tears?
As thus, to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and therein laid, there lies
Two kinſmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?——Well, well, I ſee
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
[North. *advances.*
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What ſays King Bolingbroke? will his Majeſty
Give Richard leave to live, till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke ſays, *ay.*

North. My Lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may't pleaſe you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glift'ring Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[North. *retires to* Bol.
In the baſe court? baſe court, where Kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come down? down, court; down, King;
For night-owls ſhriek, where mounting larks ſhould ſing.

Boling. What ſays his Majeſty?

North. Sorrow, and grief of heart,
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantick man;
[Richard *comes to them,*

Yet is he come.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious Lord——— [*Kneels.*

K. Rich. Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſie.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
[*Touching his own head.*

Boling. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deſerve.—They well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhew their love, but want their remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt, what force will have us do.
Set on towards London. Couſin, is it ſo?

Boling. Yea, my good Lord.

K. Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, *no.*
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Garden in the Queen's Court.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou haſt cauſe;
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here comes the gardeners:
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees.——
My wretchedneſs unto a row of pins,

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

They'll talk of ſtate; for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a change; woe is fore-run with woe.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*
Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricots,
Which, like unruly children, make their ſire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight.
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth;
All muſt be even in our government.

You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noiſome weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholſome flowers.
Serv. Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, a firm ſtate;
When our ſea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her faireſt flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholſome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds that his broad-ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke,
I mean the Earl of Wiltſhire, Buſhy, Green.
Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bolingbroke hath ſeiz'd the waſteful King.
What pity is't that he had not ſo trimm'd
And dreſs'd this land as we this garden dreſs,
And wound the bark, the ſkin of our fruit-trees;
Leſt being over proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf!
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live;
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the crown,
Which waſte and idle hours have quite thrown down.
Serv. What, think you then the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gard. Depreſs'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters laſt night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of York,
That tell black tidings.
Queen. Oh! I am preſs'd to death through want of ſpeaking.
Thou Adam's likeneſs, ſent to dreſs this garden,

How dares thy tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What Eve, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? ſay, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet what I ſay is true.
King Richard he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd;
In your Lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Beſides himſelf are all the Engliſh peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Poſt you to London, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that know it? oh, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come, ladies, go;
To meet at London, London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this? that my ſad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'ſt may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy curſe.
Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of rue, ſour *herb of grace*;
Rue ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt Gard. and Serv.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

In London.

Enter, as to the parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *Herald, Officers, and* Bagot.

Bolingbroke.

CALL Bagot forth: now freely ſpeak thy mind
What thou doſt know of noble Glo'ſter's death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end.

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when Glo'ſter's death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, "Is not my arm of length,
"That reacheth from the reſtful Engliſh court
"As far as Calais to my uncle's head?"
Among much other talk that very time,
I heard you ſay, "You rather had refuſe
"The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns
"Than Bolingbroke return to England; adding,
"How bleſs'd this land would be in this your couſin's death."

Aum. Princes and noble lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe

To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.
Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies *,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair ſun that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Glo'ſter's death.
If thou deny'ſt it twenty times, thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.
Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt;
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extremeſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe.
Another Lord. I take the earth to the like, forſworn Aumerle,
And ſpur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollow'd in thy treach'rous ear
From ſin to ſin. Here is my Honour's pawn,
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'ſt †.
Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by Heav'n I'll throw at all,
I have a thouſand ſpirits in my breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.
Surry. My Lord Fitzwater, I remember well

* *Sympathy* is an *affection* incident at once to two ſubjects. This *community of affection* implies a *likeneſs or equality of nature*, and thence our poet transferred the term to *equality of blood.* Johnſon.

† This ſpeech I have reſtored from the firſt edition, in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, againſt the mind of the author. For *the earth*, I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, *thy oath.* Johnſon.

The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitzw. My Lord, 'tis true; you were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me this is true.
Surry. As falſe, by Heav'n, as Heav'n itſelf is true.
Fitzw. Surry, thou lieſt.
Surry. Diſhonourable boy,
That lie ſhall ly ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, reſt
In earth as quiet as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'ſt.
Fitzw. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surry in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world †,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd Norfolk ſay,
That thou, Aumerle, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies. Here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Boling. Theſe diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd; repeal'd he ſhall be;
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his ſigniories; when he's return'd,
Againſt Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſh'd Norfolk fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the enſign of the Chriſtian croſs,
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To Italy, and there at Venice gave

† In this world where I have begun to be an actor. *Johnſon.*

His body to that pleaſant country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his Captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.
Boling. Why, Biſhop, is Norfolk dead?
Carl. Sure as I live, my Lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſoul
To th' boſom of good Abraham!—Lords appealants,
Your diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſign you to your days of trial.

SCENE II.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who, with willing ſoul,
Adopts thee heir, and his high ſceptre yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy royal hand.
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
Boling. In God's name I'll aſcend the regal throne.
Carl. Marry, Heav'n forbid!
Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What ſubject can give ſentence on his king?
And who ſits here that is not Richard's ſubject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them.
And ſhall the figure of God's Majeſty,
His captain, ſteward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? oh, forbid it!
That, in a Chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by Heav'n, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king.

And if you crown him, let me propheſy,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and Infidels;
And in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound.
Diſorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's ſculls.
Oh, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diviſion prove
That ever fell upon this curſed earth.
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt children's children cry againſt you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge
To keep him ſafely till his day of trial.
May't pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons' ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may ſurrender. So we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer.
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

SCENE III.

Enter King Richard, *and* York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give ſorrow leave a-while to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Chriſt; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand,
none.

God ſave the King!——will no man ſay, *Amen?*
Am I both prieſt and clerk? well then, *Amen.*
God ſave the King, although I be not he;
And yet, *Amen*, if Heav'n do think him me.
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majeſty did make thee offer,
The reſignation of thy ſtate and crown.

K. Rich. Give me the crown.——Here, couſin,
ſeize the crown,
Here, on this ſide, my hand; on that ſide, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I;
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but ſtill my griefs are mine;
You may my glories and my ſtate depoſe,
But not my griefs; ſtill am I king of thoſe.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares ſet up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loſs of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Boling. Are you contented to reſign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt nothing be;
Therefore no No; for I reſign to thee
Now, mark me how I will undo myſelf;
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy ſceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I waſh away my balm *;
With mine own hands I give away my crown;
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred ſtate;
With mine own breath releaſe all duteous oaths;
All pomp and majeſty I do forſwear;

* The oil of conſecration. *Johnſon.*

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd!
Long may'ſt thou live in Richard's ſeat to ſit,
And ſoon ly Richard in an earthy pit!
God ſave King Henry, unking'd Richard ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſun-ſhine days!
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profit of this land:
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou wouldſt,
There ſhouldſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,
Though ſome of you with Pilate waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my four croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My Lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot ſee;
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort † of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,
I find myſelf a traitor with the reſt;
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
T' undeck the pompous body of a King;

† A *pack*, a *company*. Warburton.

Made glory baſe; a ſovereign a ſlave;
Proud majeſty a ſubject; ſtate a peaſant.
North. My Lord——
K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title;
No, not that name was giv'n me at the font,
But 'tis uſurp'd Alack, the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myſelf!
Oh, that I were a mockery-king of ſnow,
Standing before the ſun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myſelf away in water-drops!
Good King,—great King,—and yet not greatly good.
An if my word be Sterling yet in England, [*To* Bol.
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his Majeſty.
Boling. Go ſome of you and fetch a looking-glaſs.
North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come.
K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'ſt me ere I come to hell.
Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.
K. Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd; I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very book, indeed,
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's myſelf

Enter one with a glaſs.

Give me that glaſs, and therein will I read.
—No deeper wrinkles yet? hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh, flatt'ring glaſs,
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me. Was this face the face
That ev'ry day, under his houſehold-roof,
Did keep ten thouſand men? was this the face
That, like the ſun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face which fac'd ſo many follies,

That was at laſt out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A little glory ſhineth in this face;
[*Daſhes the glaſs againſt the ground.*
As brittle as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred ſhivers.
Mark, ſilent King, the moral of this ſport;
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow! ha, let's ſee;
'Tis very true, my grief lyes all within;
And theſe external manners of laments
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul;
There lyes the ſubſtance. And I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair couſin.

K. Rich. Fair couſin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but ſubjects; being now a ſubject,
I have a king here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet aſk.

K. Rich. And ſhall I have?

Boling. You ſhall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſight.

Boling. Go ſome of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh, good! convey:——Conveyers * are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true King's fall. [*Exit.*

Boling. On Wedneſday next we ſolemnly ſet down

* To *convey* is the word for ſlight of hand, which ſeems to be alluded to here. *Johnſon.*

Our coronotion: Lords, prepare yourſelves.
Let it be ſo, and lo be ready all.
[*Ex. all but Abbot, Biſhop of* Carliſle *and* Aumerle.

SCENE IV.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot.
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the ſacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to ſupper, and I'll lay
A plot ſhall ſhew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street in London.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen.

THis way the King will come: this is the way
To Julius Cæſar's ill-erected tower *;
To whoſe flint boſom my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a priſoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any reſting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard *and guards.*

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee
My fair roſe wither: yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.

* The tower of London is traditionally ſaid to have been the work of Julius Cæſar. *Johnſon.*

O thou, the model where old Troy did ſtand,
[*To K.* Richard.
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou moſt beauteous inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-houſe Gueſt?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden. Learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am ſworn brother, ſweet,
To grim neceſſity †; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloiſter thee in ſome religious houſe;
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd and weak? hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpow'r'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiſs the rod,
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beaſts?

K. Rich. A King of beaſts, indeed—if aught but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy king of men.
Good ſometime Queen, prepare thee hence for France;
Think I am dead; and that ev'n here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In winter's tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,

† I have reconciled myſelf to neceſſity; I am in a ſtate of amity with the conſtraint which I have ſuſtained. *Johnſon.*

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why *? the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compaſſion weep the fire out;
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful King,

SCENE II.

Enter Northumberland *attended.*

North. My Lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd:
You muſt to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke aſcends my throne,
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gath'ring head,
Shall break into corruption; thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he ſhall think that thou, which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' uſurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear,
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end ——
Take leave and part, for you muſt part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiſs the oath 'twixt thee and me.
[*To the Queen.*

* The poet ſhould have ended this ſpeech with the foregoing line, and have ſpared his childiſh prattle about the fire. *Johnſon.*

—And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland. I towards the north,
Where ſhiv'ring cold and ſickneſs pines the clime;
My Queen to France, from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or ſhorteſt day.

Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.

North. That were ſome love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France; I for thee here:
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near *.
Go, count thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans:

Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief;
Since, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief.
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiſs.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

* To be *never the nigher*, or as it is commonly ſpoken in the mid-land counties, *ne'er the ne'er*, is, *to make no advance towards the good deſired.* Johnſon.

SCENE III.

The Duke of York's *Palace.*

Enter York *and his Ducheſs.*

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two couſins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that ſad ſtop, my Lord,
Where rude miſgovern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe;
While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!
You wou'd have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had ſaid at once,
Jeſu, preſerve thee! welcome Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus; I thank you, country-men;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.
Duch. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God ſave him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,

That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we ſworn ſubjects now,
Whoſe ſtate and honour I for ay allow.

SCENE IV.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Here comes my ſon Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was,
But that is loſt for being Richard's friend.
And, Madam, you muſt call him Rutland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made King.
Duch. Welcome, my ſon; who are the violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new ſpring of time,
Leſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold theſe juſts and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, they do.
York. You will be there?
Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpoſe ſo.
York. What ſeal is that which hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who ſees it.
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.
York. Which, for ſome reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear——
Duch. What ſhould you fear, my Lord?

'Tis nothing but ſome bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel againſt the triumph.
York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me; I may not ſhew it.
York. I will be ſatisfied; let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon! villain, traitor, ſlave!
Duch. What's the matter, my Lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? ſaddle my horſe.
Heav'n, for his mercy! what treachery is here?
Duch. Why, what is't, my Lord?
York. Give me my boots, I ſay. Saddle my horſe.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Duch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman.
Duch. I will not peace: what is the matter, ſon?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.
Duch. Thy life anſwer!

SCENE V.

Enter Servant with boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.
Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.——
Hence, villain, never more come in my ſight.——
[*Speaking to the Servant.*
York. Give me my boots.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad-woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the ſacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.

Duch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon.
Sweet York, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind;
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*

Duch. After, Aumerle, mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as York:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
'Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Court at Windſor *Caſtle,*

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, *and other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to Heav'n, my Lords, he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mong the taverns there:
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe companions,
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers,
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew *.

Percy. My Lord, ſome two days ſince I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what ſaid the gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was, he would unto the Stews,
And from the common'ſt creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt challenger.

Boling. As diſſolute as deſp'rate; yet through both
I ſee ſome ſparks of hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our couſin, that he ſtares,
And looks ſo wildly?

Aum. God ſave your Grace. I do beſeech your Majeſty
To have ſome conf'rence with your Grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourſelves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our couſin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth, [*Kneels.*
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeak!

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Boling. Have thy deſire.

York, within.] My Liege, beware, look to thyſelf,
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe. [*Drawing.*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe to fear.

* This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry V. to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatneſs in his manhood. *Johnſon.*

York. Open the door, ſecure, fool-hardy King.
Shall I for love ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

SCENE VII.

The King opens the door, enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak, take breath:
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt.
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confd'rate with my hand.
York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand ſet it down.
I tore it from the traitor's boſom, King.
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent that will ſting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous ſon!
Thou clear, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream, through muddy paſſages,
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelf.
Thy overflow of good converts the bad;
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot in thy degreſſing ſon.
York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame;
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives, when his diſhonour dies,
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lyes:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
[*Ducheſs within.*
Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for Heav'n's ſake let me in.
Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our ſcene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to *the beggar, and the King* *.
—My dang'rous couſin, let your mother in;
I know ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.
York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins for his forgiveneſs proſper may:
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt is ſound;
This let alone, will all the reſt confound.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Ducheſs.

Duch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Duch. Sweet York, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege. [*Kneels.*
Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's pray'rs I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
York. Againſt them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Duch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face?
His eyes do drop no tears, his pray'r's in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:

* The *King and Beggar* ſeems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot find that any copy of it is left. *Johnſon.*

He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, till to the ground they grow.
His pray'rs are full of falſe hypocriſy,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Duch. Nay, do not ſay ſtand up,
But pardon firſt; ſay afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt part of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say, pardon, King; let pity teach thee how.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Duch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as Heav'n ſhall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear; ſpeak it again,
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths ſo meet.

York. Speak it in French, King; ſay, *Pardonnez moy.*

Duch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſour huſband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word itſelf againſt the word;
Speak pardon as 'tis current in our land,
The chopping French we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law, the Abbot *,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order ſeveral powers
To Oxford, or where'er theſe traitors are.
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell; and couſin too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old ſon; I pray Heav'n make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Exton *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the King what words he ſpake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?

Serv. Thoſe were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend?—quoth he; he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe.
[*Exeunt.*

* The Abbot of Weſtminſter was an eccleſiaſtic; but the brother-in-law meant, was John Duke of Exeter, and Earl of Huntingdon, (own brother to King Richard I.) and who had married with the Lady Eliſabeth, ſiſter to Henry of Bolingbroke. *Theobald.*

SCENE X.

Changes to the Priſon at Pomfret-*Caſtle.*

Enter King Richard.

Rich. I have been ſtudying how to compare
This priſon where I live, unto the world;
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul,
My ſoul the father; and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
In humour like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf
Againſt the word; as thus; *Come, little ones*; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of Fortune's ſlaves,
And ſhall not be the laſt: like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king,
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me, I was better when a king;

Then I am king'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And ſtraight am nothing. But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Muſic do I hear? [*Muſic.*
Ha, ha; keep time: how ſour ſweet muſic is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the muſic of mens' lives;
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring,
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me;
For now hath Time made me his numbring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,
Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch *,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds, that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, hours, and times. O, but my time
Runs poſting on, in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

* I think this expreſſion muſt be corrupt, but I know not well how to make it better. The firſt quarto reads,

My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,
There watches to mine eyes the outward watch.

The ſecond quarto:

My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighs they jar,
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch.

The firſt folio agrees with the ſecond quarto.

Perhaps out of theſe two readings the right may be made. *Watch* ſeems to be uſed in a double ſenſe, for a *quantity of time*, and for the *inſtrument that meaſures time.*

I read, but with no great confidence, thus;

My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighs they jar,
Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch. Johnſ.

While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o' th' clock.
This muſic mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have help'd madmen to their wits,
In me, it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to Richard
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all-hating world *.

SCENE XI.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer.
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art? how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes but that ſad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometime maſter's face.
O how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London ſtreets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on Roan Barbary;
That horſe that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That horſe that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as he had diſdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back?
That jade had eat bread from my royal hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,

* The ſenſe is, And love to Richard, reduced to the loweſt ebb of ill-fortune, is a ſtrange ornament indeed, to make its appearance in a world made up of nothing but malevolence and malice. *Reviſal.*

Since pride muſt have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe,
And yet I bear a burden like an aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting Bolingbroke.

SCENE XII.

Enter Keeper, with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay. [*To the groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My Lord, I dare not; for Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The dev'l take Henry of Lancaſter, and thee!
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it!
[*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton *and Servants.*

K. Rich. How now, what means death in this rude aſſault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's inſtrument; [*Snatching a ſword, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[Exton *ſtrikes him down.*
That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon; thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood ſtain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood;
Both have I ſpilt. Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the Court at Windſor.

Flouriſh. *Enter* Bolingbroke, York, *with other Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the lateſt news we hear,
Is, that the rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceſter in Glouceſterſhire;
But whether they be ta'en or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my Lord: what is the news?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred ſtate I wiſh all happineſs;
The next news is, I have to London ſent
The heads of Sal'ſbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here.
[*Preſenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right-worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitzw. My Lord, I have from Oxford ſent to London
The heads of Broccas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traitors
That ſought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, ſhall not be for-
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot. [got:

Enter Percy, *and the Biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand conſpirator, Abbot of Weſt-
minſter,
With clog of conſcience, and ſour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is Carliſle, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.

Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife;
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee I have ſeen.

Enter Exton *with a coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I preſent
Thy bury'd fear; herein all breathleſs lyes
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt
wrought
A deed of ſlander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I
this deed.

Boling. They love not poiſon, that do poiſon need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murd'rer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour;
With Cain go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, or light.
Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen black, incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy-Land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.

March ſadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt omnes* *.

* This play is extracted from the chronicle of Hollingſhead, in which many paſſages may be found which Shakeſpeare has, with very little alteration, tranſplanted into his ſcenes; particularly a ſpeech of the Biſhop of Carliſle in defence of King Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human juriſdiction.

Johnſon, who, in his Catiline and Sejanus, has inſerted many ſpeeches from the Roman hiſtorians, was, perhaps, induced to that practice by the example of Shakeſpeare, who had condeſcended ſometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakeſpeare had more of his own than Johnſon; and if he ſometimes was willing to ſpare his labour, ſhewed, by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleneſs, rather than neceſſity.

This play is one of thoſe which Shakeſpeare has apparently reviſed; but as ſucceſs in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finiſhed, at laſt, with the happy force of ſome other of his tragedies, nor can be ſaid much to affect the paſſions, or enlarge the underſtanding. *Johnſon.*

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

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